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King Henry 4th part
Act V. Scene II.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A S E L E C T I O N
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME IX.

CONTAINING
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
..... *PART II.*

LEIPSICK:

PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.

1807.

— 14 4



K I N G H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I.

Vol. IX.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King:*
Prince John of Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland, } *friends to the King.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }

Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester,*

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland:*

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his son*

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*

Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas.*

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to*
Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and*
wife to Mortimer.

Mrs. Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords: Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,
Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

S C E N E, England.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.

No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, — like the meteors of a troubled hea-
ven.

All of one nature, of one substance bred, —
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-shoathed knife,

No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
 womb

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now:— Then let me
 hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,— that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then the tidings of this
 broil

Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This match'd with other, did, my
 gracious Lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
 friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
 news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains; Of prisoners, Hotspur
 took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

West. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,} and unbuttoning dice after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata! I see no reason, why thou should'st be superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phoebus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King, — as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,) —

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be — Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; been govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd

on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.— And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd at it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art King, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already ; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits : whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy o'f Moor-ditch ?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes ; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascal-liest,—sweet young Prince,—But, Hal, I pry'thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir ; but I mark'd him not : and yet he talk'd very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration ; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, — God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I *must give over this life*, and I will give it over ; *by the Lord, as I do not, I am a villain ; I'll*

be damn'd for never a King's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — Whas says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Maderia, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give his devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich

offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves ; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester ; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; we may do it as secure as sleep : If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward ; If I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

P. Hen. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dardest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Hen. I care not,

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone ; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell ; You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowm summer! [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses and by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be 'as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what

wards, what blows, what extremities he endured;
and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us
all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow
night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my Lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while
uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for
come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE. III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and
temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as] young
down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little
deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My Lord, —

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see
danger

And disobedience in thine eye: O, Sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. —

[*Exit WORCESTER.*

You were about to speak.

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your Majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat, and trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again; —
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: — and still he smil'd, and talk'd
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them — untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not; — for he made me

mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark !)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti, for a inward bruise;
And that is was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation.
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good
my Lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception, —
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No,

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war; — To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak o' Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My Lord Northum-
berland,

We license your departure with your son: —
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: — I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
pause awhile;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust;
But I will lift the town-trod Mortimer

As high i'the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your ne-
phew mad. [*To WORCESTER.*]

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my priso-
ners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
'Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-
claim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set
forth

Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
King;

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starv'd.

But shall it be, that you, — that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman ra-
ther? —

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament.
Wherein you range under this subtle King. —
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
Then men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbro' e?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, from whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 Of this proud King; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rons spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night: — or sink or swim: —

Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple; — O! the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without contrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer; and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion,

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

*Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?*

- *Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time.—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this King of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This sawning greyhound then did proffer me!—

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*

And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish pri-
soners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, — for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written, — be assur'd,

Will easily be granted. — You, my Lord, —

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, —

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble Prelate, well beiovd,

The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a foot, thou still
 let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
 plot: —

And then the powers of Scotland, and of York, —
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head:
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The King will always think him in our debt;
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on
 him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: — No further go in
 this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
 I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
 (As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport! [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be nqt four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrting in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died,

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him,

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock,

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd: — Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell? — Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? — marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth

the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.'

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in: such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint,

the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poin's, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill;
I'll go seek him. *[Pretends to seek Poin's.]*

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. — Poin's! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob afoot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! *[They whistle.]* Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse; good King's son.

P. Hen. Out; you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it. —

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, tis our better: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if thy 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye -fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men:

Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[Rushing out upon them.]

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

— But, for mine own part, my Lord, I could

be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. — He could be contented; — Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;* — Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will the to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for
moving

moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appeared.

Vol. ix.

Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho! is Gilliams with the packet
gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought even
now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a creep-car, is it
not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *O esperance!* —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize; But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer
me

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifter!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my
horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, in-
deed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise;
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are;
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate?

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate.

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, thy cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English

in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence* and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darrest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture; and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — About Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my Lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me, — 'twas a pennyworth was't not?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My Lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chrystal-button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My Lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door, Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — *Fie upon this quite life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my

roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?
[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive

all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward! but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: — I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together, I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword back'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if th

speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, Sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Poins. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotted-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O; for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my Masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold. All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince, —

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, Sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are liars too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince: no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No. if rightly taken. halloo.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales; that gave Arnaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him? —

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scot's, Douglas, that runs o'horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand

blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. — But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: — This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my trustful Queen.

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou *keepst*: for, Harry, now I do not *speak to thee in drink*, but in tears: not in plea-

sure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my Masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of

man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you; Whom means your Grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm of him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*
[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my Lord, my Lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so: if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my Masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. —

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable, and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

P. Hen. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath.

Search his pockets. [POINS searches.] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENDDOWER,

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties
sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, — and cousin Glendower, —

Will you sit down? —

And, uncle Worcester: — A plague upon it?
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No; here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and,
with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was
born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth
did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-
vens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striv-
ing,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steepels, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales, —

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better
Welsh:

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil. —

vil. —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power do shame him
 hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
 devil.

Mort. Come, come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
 made head
 Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
 too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide
 our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits, very equally:
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Gendower:—and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A business that this night may execute,)
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 'Tis appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

If father Glendower is not ready yet,
 or shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
 this that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have
 drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
Lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no
leave ;

For there will be a world of water shoal,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north form Bar-
ton here ,

In quantity equals not one of yours :

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see,
it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs
me up

With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

ot. Who shall say me nay?

end. Why, that will I.

ot. Let me not understand you then,
 & it in Welsh,

end. I can speak English, Lord, as well
 as you;

I was train'd up in the English court:
 ere, being but young, I framed to the harp
 an English ditty, lovely well,
 gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
 true that was never seen in you.

ot. Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart;
 I rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
 rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
 dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 ing, so much as mincing poetry;
 like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

end. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

ot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much
 land

my well-deserving friend;
 in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 avail on the ninth part of a hair.

the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

end. The moon shines fair, you may away
 by night:

haste the writer, and, withal,
 with your wives of your departure hence:
 afraid, my daughter will run mad,
 such she doteth on her Mortimer. *[Exit.*

ort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
 father!

I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,

(And that's the nearest grace it renders you,)
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be
 your speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
 My wife can speak no English, & no Welsh

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
 with you,
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, — that she, and
 my aunt Percy.
 Shall follow in our conduct speedily.

*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,
 and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
 will'd harlotry,
 One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks! that pretty
 Welsh.

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
 heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
 In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division to her lute,

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
 mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart, I'll sit, and hear
 her sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
 Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
 down!

Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head
 in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words,
and then the musick plays.*

Hot Now I perceive, the devil understands
Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
musical; for you are altogether govern'd by
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl
in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings,

A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you
swear like a comfit-maker's wife; Not you, in
good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God
shall mend me; and, As sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury,
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you
are as slow,

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and
then

To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and
Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave: the Prince of
Wales and I,
Must have some conference: But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, — that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
Te

KING HENRY IV.

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your Majesty, I would, I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales dev's'd, —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, —
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee: — yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and Princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

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Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir;
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
 That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
 Others would say, *—Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous showed like a feast;
 And won by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping King, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They forfeited with honey; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my trice gracious
 Lord,

Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
 Christ ?

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
 this:—

Then shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,
 herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
 speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
 speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas; and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
 10 day;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;

FIRST PART OF

For this advertisement is five days old: —
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
 Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire; by which ac-
 count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
 since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
 dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like
 an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an
 old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that
 suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall
 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no
 strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what
 the inside of a church is made of, I am a pep-
 per-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a
 church: Company, villainous company, hath been
 the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
 not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy
 song; make me merry. I was as virtuously
 given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough
 swore little; diced, not above seven times

week: went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass,

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think on hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hast been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Slood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas; filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and hy-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching.
FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and said; he would cudgel you,

Fal. Did I Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine: it is all filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet, you will stand to it; you will not pocked up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. — You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — How is that answer'd?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef; I must still be good angel to thee: — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph, —

Bard. My Lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. — Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there
receive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stand on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my
breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot; If speaking
truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank
you.

Mess. These letters come from your father. —

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not
himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord; he's grievous
sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be
sick,

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my
Lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his
bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set
forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. —

He writes me here, — that inward sickness —

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any ~~one~~ remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, —
That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :

For ; as he writes , there is no quailing now ;
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. — What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us,

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—
And yet , in faith , 'tis not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it :— Were it
good ,

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good : for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
The very list , the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion ;
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in ;

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been
here,

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom , loyalty , and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence ?
And think , how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
*For, well you know , we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;*

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such
 a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my
 soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
 Lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
 The King himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his
 son,

The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And

And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, — with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, —
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun
 in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours : — Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There it more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of
 yet.

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Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty
sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach
unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear,
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;
fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and
if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the
coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the
town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell, [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am
a souced gurnet. I have misused the King's press
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
I presse me none but good householders, yeomen's

sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts and butters, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of ancient, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to judges, brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world; and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than our old-faced ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating drab and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way; and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them; that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over their shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry.

But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your Honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, — I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, — I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henr. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of
a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not council well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that lives:—
*Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.*

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy.
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the
King;

If you vouchsafe me, hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And would
I yet saw more of God.

You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well, and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should
stand so.

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!

But, to my charge, — The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty: If that the King
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all
 speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hat. The King is kind; and well we know,
 the King.

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:
 And, when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminde'd outlaw sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And, when he heard him swear, and now to
 God,

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, — as greatness knows itself, —

Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravensburg;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point. —

In short time after, he depos'd the King;
 Soon after that, depri'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his King,) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a
 while.

Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace
 and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
 With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make
 haste.

Gent. My good Lord,
 I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, Sir, ad Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly giv'n to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael, —
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)

And what with ~~Owen Glendower's~~ ^{Glen} Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, nor fill'd by prophecies,)
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the King.

Gent. Why, my good Lord, you need not
 And Mortimer. ^{... fear; there's Douglas,}

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
 Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the King hath
 drawn

The special head of all the land together; —
 The Prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
 And many more courivalls, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my Lord, they shall be well
 oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us, —
 For he hath heard of our confederacy, —
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. (The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your
looks

Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us, —
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, —
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:

To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —
What with our help; what with the absent King;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;

*The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,*

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellinell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many
a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes, —

This present enterprize set off his head,

I do not think, a braver gentleman,

More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry,

And so, I hear, he doth account me too:

Yet this before my father's majesty, —

I am content, that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation;

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well; even those we love,

That are misted upon your cousin's part:

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, ye every man,

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his;

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do: — But if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction waits on us:

And they shall do their offices: So, be gone;

We will not now be troubled with reply:

We offer fairly, take it advisedly:

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas, and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to
his charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bespide me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship.

Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
well.

A. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no
matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if
honour prick me off when I come on? how then?
Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No.
Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Hon-
our hath no skill in surgery then? No. What
is honour? A word. What is in that word,
honour? What is that honour? Ah! A trim
reckoning! — Who hath it? He that died o' Wed-
nesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it?
No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead.
But will it not live with the living? No. Why?
Detraction will not suffer it: — therefore I'll
none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and
so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Rebel Camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege, —
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HESTPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd: — Deliver up My lord of Westmoreland. — Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances;
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus, —
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors? and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, Gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear
it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth be-
fore the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O' would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly.

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Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamour'd
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty;
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
Arm, arm, with speed: — And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I; that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour;

An if we live, we live to tread on Kings;
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now for our conscience, — the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, prepare; the King comes on
a pace,

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my
tale,

For I profess not talking; Only this, —
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, — Esperance! — Percy! — and set on. —
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time to do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to
the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT,
meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me, what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;

FIRST PART OF

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee ~~true~~.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness : for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless
lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This Douglas? no, I know this face full
well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. — Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in any way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbuncle of me. I like not such grinning honour, as sir Walter hath. Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I prythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much: —

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your Majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so: —
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my Lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:— Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With surlier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another King! they grow like Hydra's
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them. — What art
thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

K. Hen. The King himself; who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very King. I have two boys,

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King:

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the King being in danger, enter

Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay. —

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my Lord; How fares your Grace? —
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while: —
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life.
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much in-
jury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Ni-
cholas Gawsey.

[*Exit King HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-
mouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from
thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF,
who falls down as if he were dead, and
exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
my flesh: —

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool;

*And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophecy
But that the earthy and cold hand of death*

Lies on my tongue: — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for ——— [Dies.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee
well, great heart! —

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: — This earth, that bears thee
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal: —

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life; Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee.

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray: —

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou
embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder
me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had
paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I
am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit;
for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who

hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground. —

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy; [*Throwing the body down.*]

If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard;

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grown less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

S C E N E V.

Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON; prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,
 Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble Earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me
 to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and
 Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when
 he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, — fled with the rest;
 And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then brother John of Lancaster, to
you

This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide
our power. —

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards
Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March,
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. —

[*Exeunt.*]

ING HENRY IV.

PART II.

Vol. ix.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth*;
 Henry, *Prince of Wales, afterwards*
 King Henry V.
 Thomas, *Duke of Clarence.*
 Prince John of Lancaster, *afterwards*
 (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bed-*
 ford.
 Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, *after-*
 wards (2 Henry V.) *Duke of*
 Gloucester.

} *his sons.*

Earl of Warwick
 Earl of Westmoreland
 Gower. Harcourt.

} *of the King's party.*

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
 A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
 Earl of Northumberland;
 Scroop, *Archbishop of York*;
 Lord Mowbray; Lord Hastings;
 Lord Bardolph; Sir John Coleville;

} *enemies to the King.*

Travers and Morton; domesticks of Northum-
 berland.
 Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.
 Poins and Peto; attendants on Prince Henry.
 Shallow and Silence; country Justices.
 Davy, servant to Shallow.
 Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-
 calf; recruits.
 Fang and Snare; sheriff's officers.
 Rumour. A Porter.
 A Dancer; speaker of the Epilogue.
 Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.
 Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-sheet.
 Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers,
 Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms; &c.
 S C E N E, England.

IN.

I N D U C T I O N.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you
will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And so such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
VOL. IX.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

15. *The same.*

*The Porter before the gate; Enter Lord
BARDOLPH.*

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho? — Where
is the Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard;

Please it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the Earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, as heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish: —
 The King is almost wounded to the death;
 And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
 Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John;
 And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk sir John,
 Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
 So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
 Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one my Lord, that came
 from thence;
 A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
 That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers,
 whom I sent
 On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way;
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
 More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
 came with you?

Tra. My Lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd
 me back
 With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
 A gentleman almost spent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied
 horse;
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury,
 He told me, that rebellion had, bad luck;
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
 With that, he gave his able horse the head;
 And bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jettie
 Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! — — Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you what; —
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
 by Travers,
 Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
 The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
 leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
 So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble Lord;
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look; so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd:

But Priam found the fire; ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say; — Your son did thus,
and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
yet:

But, for my lord your son,

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet, speak,
Morton;

Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

*I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:*

The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead :
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your son is
 dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen :
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-
 breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
 down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence with life he never more sprung up ;
 In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dumbest peasant in his camp,) . . .
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead,
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Wor-
 cester

*Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the King,*

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,— that the King hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter yon, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physick; and these ~~news~~,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must gloye this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now, let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burial of the dead.

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
my Lord.

Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from
your Honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Leap on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble Lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said, —

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows your son might drop;
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward
spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger
rang'd;

Yet did you say, — Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
noble Lord,

They for certain, and do speak the truth, —
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,

Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight :
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and
 souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond : But now the Bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret sto-
 nes :

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak
 truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with
 speed ;

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.

London, *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whore-son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never man'd with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the Prince your master whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair a-miss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal.

for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleton about the sattin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter! — A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin; as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: and I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horned, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Fallstaff, an't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shreysbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Fallstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John. —

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, Sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me

leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence! avant!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Fallstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! — God give your Lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say, your Lordship was sick: I hope, your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your Lordship, I hear, his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your Lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much

from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my Lord; but not so patient: your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my Lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord: your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have learnt with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the Prince gave you, — he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts

out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man; you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd with washing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny; not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. — A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young liars and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. — Boy! —

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula

whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know were to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.
York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: —
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings,
standeth thus; —

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him; we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not rep too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for,
indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my Lord; who lin'd himself
with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did
hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war; —
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove
fruit,

*Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,*

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices; or, at least, design
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model;
 Consent upon a sure foundation;
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of man:
 Like one, that draws the model of a house,
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that your hopes (yet likely of
 A fair birth,) should be stillborn, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation;
 I think, we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What! is the King but five and twenty
 thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much,
 Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads; one power against the
 French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a third
 Must take up us: So is the unfirm King

In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh
Baying him at the heels, never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
thither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmo-
reland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Mon-
mouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath suffer'd:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times?

**They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
die.**

Are ^{now} become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that throw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cry'st now, O earth, give us that King again.

And take thou this l. O thoughts of men, accurst!

Past, and to come, means best; things present,

worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

And we measure time's subjects, and time bids

We are going to be gone. *Esquint.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A. Street*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her;
and SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you enter'd the
action?

Fang: It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty
yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Jaeng. Sirrah, where's Spare?

Hoot. O Lord, my good master Snare.

... here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John F.

staff work? b/c why is it?

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither woman, man, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thirst.

Host. No, nor, I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice; —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score: — Good master Fang, hold him sure; — good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman; I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought into his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have Korne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. —

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and
BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! — Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the King's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, then hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rumpallian! you familiarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and
business?

You should have been well on your way to
York.

Stand from him, fellow, Wherefore hangst
thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, an't
please your Grace, I am a poor widow of East-
cheap, and he is arreared at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my Lord;
it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out
of house and home; he hath put all my sub-
stance into that fat belly of his: — but I will
have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee
o' nights, like the mare.

Kid. Lark, I am as like to ride the mare,
if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? — *How*
what man of good temper would endure this
tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed,
to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course
to come by her own?

Kid. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man,
thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear
to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my
Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-
coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week,
when the Prince broke thy head for liking his
father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst
swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound,
to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife.
Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech,
the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me
suspiciously? coming in to borrow a mess of

vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madain? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy hook-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Prythee, peace: — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: If a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your

suitors; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[Taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gow. The King, my Lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; —

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; — Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I trow I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

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Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope; you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.
[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well: What's the news, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My Lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my Lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attack'd one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. But it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer.

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not kindly got for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But,

indeed, these humble considerations made me get aloof with my greatness. What a disgrace

is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know my face to-morrow? or to take note how many

pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to hear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use? — but that, the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the rappings of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young Princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Fallstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, — my heart bleeds

inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Fallstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Fallstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your Grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, your virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly
man

man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, Althea dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. — There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Barbolph?

Bard. Well, my Lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Hen. Delivered with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though he be sick, it dies not.

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P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*. — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the King's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor'cousin, Sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.* — Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity: — he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded. — I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him.) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty o'

his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord: in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my Lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my Lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph; — no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, — I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exit BARDOLPH and Page.] — This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times.

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

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Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your
son's.

Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and sardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, — O won-
drous him!

O miracle of men! — him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage: to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: — so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone:

The Marshal, and the Archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their num-
bers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Mowmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new laming ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of
the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our
loves,

First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout a high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis
with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern,
in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2. *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true: The Prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise, mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Despatch: — Thee room where they sup'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and master Poin's anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis It will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak; *[Exit.]*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would

desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, — What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court — Empty the jordan. — And was a worthy King: [Exit Drawer.]* How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches; — for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely: —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some dis-

cord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*To Doll*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack; thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: — shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master 'Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me, — it was

no longer ago than Wednesday last, — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he; — master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; for, saith he, *you are in an ill name*; — now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore *take heed what guests you receive*: *Receive*; says he, *no swaggering companions*. — There comes none here; — you would bless you to hear what he said: — no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says — swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doh. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy hung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! — Since when, I pray you, Sir? — What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd — captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them: You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Mark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; — I could tear her: — I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; — to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down sailors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall
packhorses.

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.
Fear we broadsides? no., let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; — and, sweetheart, lie
 thou there,

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's*
 nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neck: What!
 we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot en-
 dure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not
 Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a
 above-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing
 but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall
 we imbrue? —

[Snatching up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful
 days?

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
 Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I
 say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
 draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
 keeping house, afore I'll be in these tittles and
 frights. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas,
 alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your
 naked weapons.

[Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whoreson chops: — Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; — Play, Sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS,
disguised like drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pautler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumbs upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

[*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? — And art thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful contents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hos. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal.

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Peins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment; if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me — pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Peins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is —

to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; — none, Ned, none; no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, — there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women. —

Fal. For one of them, — she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other, — I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No; I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much
to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt;
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good
night.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of
the night, and we must hence, and leave it un-
pick'd. [*knocking heard.*] More knocking at the
door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, pre-
sently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the
Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—
You see, my good wenches, how men of merit
are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when
the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good
wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see
you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — If my heart be not ready to burst: Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man, — Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet, wait.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll, run.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: Make good speed. —

[*Exit Page.*]

*How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,*

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slum-

ber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one o' clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,
my Lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is, what rank diseases grew,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body; yet, distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine: —
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the
book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The bea chy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how changes mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, — viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue, —
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[To WARWICK:

When Richard, — with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, —
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne; —
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such in-
tent;

But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss: —
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

Shall break into corruption: — so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-
ness;

Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities; —
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my Lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fey'd: — Please it your
Grace,

To go to bed; upon my life, my Lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land. -
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Court before Justice Shallow's House in
 Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDER,
 SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCalf, and
 Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give
 me your hand, Sir, give me your hand, Sir:
 an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my
 good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
 fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine,
 my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say, my
 cousin William is become a good scholar: *He*
is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's - inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd — lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed; and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man, — you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonarobas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers.

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's - inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure; very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet.

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! — See, see! — he drew a good bow; — And dead! — he shot a fine

shoot: — John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — he would have clapp'd it the slout at twelve score; and carry'd you a forehand shaft & fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest Gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir; a poor esquire of this county; and one of the King's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir; I knew him a good backsword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, Sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! — it is good? yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! — it comes of accommodatē: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know

net the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just: — Look, here comes good sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your Worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow: — Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? — Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, Sir: — Ralph Mouldy: — let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good

limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prick'd me: there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are? — For the other, Sir John: — let me see; — Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: Is is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shad. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, — prick him; — for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John.

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! — you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would; Ware might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most terrible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, Sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, Sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my Lord Captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, Sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, Sir: a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, Sir; — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in saint George's fields.

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the

heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Hal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That, we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, Sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fes. By my troth I care not; — a man can

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die but once; — we owe God a death; — I'll ne'er bear a base mind: — an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his Prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fec. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, — Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: — For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service: — and, for your part, Bull-calf, — grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, he to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thigh, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow. — Her Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, and the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on-the-

er's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, — give me this man? he presents no mark to the enemy; the soeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot. — Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn. — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come: — I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow. — God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you: — Fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house: let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. Oa, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, drier paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he laud

and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, But I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWERAY, HASTINGS, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my Lords; and send discovers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:--
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; wherenpon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmore-
land.

West. Health and fair greeting from our ge-
neral,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace;

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,

And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;

I say, if damu'd commotion so appear'd,
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection
 With your fair honours. You Lord Archbishop, —
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd;

Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace, —
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and hoist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? — so the question
 stands,

Briefly to this end: — We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here a physician;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences,
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion:
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
 And might by no suit gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
 griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?

Wherein have you been galled by the King?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
 wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to
 us all.

That feel the bruises of the days before;

And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, — it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the state stood
then,

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he, —
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their
lives,

*That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.*

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West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
 know not what:
 The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
 smil'd?

But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and
 love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the
 King.

But this is mere digression from my purpose. —
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his
 Grace,

That he will give you audience: and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this
 offer;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it
 so;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
 For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;

Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good : —

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :

I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;

For this contains of General grievances : —

Each several article herein redress'd ;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form ;

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, consign'd ;

We come within our awful banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, Lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :

And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !

Of to the place of difference call the swords,

Which must decide it.

Arch. My Lord, we will do so.

{ Exit West.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom,
tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make
our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my Lord; Note this, — the
King is weary.
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, — to end one doubt by
death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no telltale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy.
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wastel all his
rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true; —
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaseth
your Lordship,
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our
armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name
then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace: — my
Lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my
cousin Mowbray: —

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings — and to all. —

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the hell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text;

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the King,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such greatness! With you Lord

Bishop,

It is even so: — Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;

To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;

The very opener, and intelligencer,

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,

And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,

But you misuse the reverence of your place;

Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,

As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up - swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them
directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:

And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority. —

My Lord, these griefs shall be with speed ad-
dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall, if this may please
you,

Discharge your powers unto their several coun-
ties,

As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain
my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, Captain, [*To an Officer.*] and de-
liver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and
part:

I know, it will well please them; Hie thee,
Captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmo-
reland.

West. I pledge your Grace: And, if you
knew what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —
Health to my Lord, and gentle cousin, Mow-
bray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever
merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sud-
den sorrow.

Serves to say thus, — Some good thing comes
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own
rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd;
Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my Lord, so please you, let our
trains

March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, Lords, we shall lie to-night
together. —

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My Lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school
broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: —

And you, Lord Archbishop, — and you, Lord
Mowbray, —

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels, — look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, Sir; and my name is — Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place, — a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, Sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

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Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. And I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further
now; —

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —
[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while?

When every thing is ended, then you come: —
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour: Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, — I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins'-heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is my Lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,

To York, to present execution: —

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILLE.*

And now despatch we toward the court, my Lords;

I hear, the King my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —

Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; — but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; — which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours

which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, -- the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be, -- to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire.

R. Humph. No, my good Lord; he is in
presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee. Thomas
of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the Prince thy
brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Tho-
mas:

Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in.)

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and
love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with
him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in
London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou
tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual
followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to
weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do
shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond
him quite:

The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the
language,

'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once at-
tain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth
leave her comb
In the dead carrion. — Who's here? Westmo-
reland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my Sovereign! and new
happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's
hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your Highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a sum-
mer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your Ma-
jesty;

SECOND PART OF

And when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The Earl Northumberland, and the lord Bar-
 dolph,

With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good
 news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: —
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill

[Swoons,

P. Humph. Comfort, your Majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign Lord, cheer up your-
 self, look up!

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know,
 these fits

Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
 well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
 pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they
 do observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them
over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King re-
covers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be
his end.

K. Ken. I pray you, take me up, and bear
me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

*[They convey the King to an inner part of
the room, and place him on a bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room,

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much,

War. Less noise, less noise,

Enter Prince Henry,

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and
none abroad!

How doth the King?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humpb. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my Lords:—sweet Prince, speak low

The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but Prince Henry*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my

father! —

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me;

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's
whole strength

'nto one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Gla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone,
my Lords?

Cl. We left the Prince my brother here, my
Liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him:

He is not here.

War. 'This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The Prince hath ta'en it hence : —
Go, seek him out.

Be so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death? —

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — Sec, sons, what things
you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up,
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quall'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. -- Come hither to me, Harry: --

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, nor that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd: — Up, vanity!
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence?
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbour confues, purge you of your scum:
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my Liege! but for
 my tears,

[*Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,

Let

Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth) this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Ma-

jesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead.
 (And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee de-*

pending,

*Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable:
 But thou, most fine, most honoured, most re-*

nowned,

*Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
 Liege,*

Accusing it, I put it on my head;
 To try with it, — as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father, —
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid

My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:

For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now

To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
 out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious Liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 Against all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,
 Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John
 of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to
 my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and
 peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period. —
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble Lord.

A. Hen. Laud be to God — even there my
 life must end.

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It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie?
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, Sir, you shall no
 away to-night. — What, Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
 Shallow,

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall no
 be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; ther
 is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excu
 sed. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Da
 vy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook, bi
 him come hither: — Sir John, you shall not b
 excused.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus; — those precep
 cannot be served: and, again, Sir, — Shall
 sow the headland with wheat.

Shal. With fed-wheat, Davy. But for William cook; — Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, Sir. — Adam is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and slaught'ring.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid: — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it: — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd heps; a pint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yds, Davy. I will use him well; A friend of the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceiv'd, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance William Visor of Womcot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knave, Sir: but yet, God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your

Worship truly, Sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir; therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.

— Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*Te the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master. Robert Shallow, Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exit BARDOLPH and PAGE.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen such bearded hermit's staves, as master Shallow is: it is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his own. They, by observing him, do hear themselves like a foolish justice; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like hearing man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would surry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise mat-

ter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak all laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. *A room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice?
whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his Majesty had called
me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do
arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be over-
turn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousins.

P. John. We meet like men that had for-
got to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well! peace be with him that hath
made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be hea-
vier!

P. Humph. O, good my Lord, you have lost
a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you horroy not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what
grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak, sir John
Bastard fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did
in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg;
A rag'd and forestall'd remission. —
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save
your Majesty,
King. This new and gorgeous garment, im-
jesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.
P. John &c. We hope no other from your
Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: —
and you most;

To the Ch. Just.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd
rightly,

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me: //

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your Highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the King whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgement;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down Justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of our person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely alighted

Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;
 And, as you are a King, speak in your state, —
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh
 this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words: —
*Happy am I; that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And not less happy, having such a son;
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.* — You did commit
 me:

For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
 With this remembrance, — That you use the
 same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
 You shall be as a father to my youth;
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
 ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions. —
 And, Princes, all, believe me, I beseech you; —
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world;

To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now;
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;
 In which you, father, shall have foremost

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite, none other
 As I before remember'd, all our state:
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SALENTINE, BAR-
 DOLPH, the Page, and Davey.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard;
 where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's
Pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of care

ways, and so forth; -- come, cousin Silence; -- and then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: -- marry, good air. -- Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. -- By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: -- a good varlet, Now sit down, now sit down: -- come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, -- we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.

*And praise heaven for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily.*

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! -- Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; [Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon: -- most sweet Sir, sit. -- Master page, good master page, sit: prolace! What you want in meat, we'll have to drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; -- and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;

SECOND PART OF

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your Worship? — I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*] — A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*]

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry; — now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshew thy heart. — Welcome, my little tiny thief! [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too. — I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a King. Lack nothing: be merry, [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

[*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. Do me right,

[*Singing.*]

And Dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then sty, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your Worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in. —

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

— Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SECOND PART OF

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them first a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robinhood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? [Sings.]

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir; — If Sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist.

Pist. A foutra for thine office! —
 Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King;
 Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
 When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
 The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak,
 are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse. —
 Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou
 wilt in the land, 'tis thine. — Pistol, I will
 double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! — I would not take
 a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed. — Mas-
 ter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou
 wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots;
 we'll ride all night: — O, sweet Pistol: — Away,
 Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*] — Come, Pistol, utter
 more to me; and, withal, devise something to
 do thyself good. — Boot, boot, Master Shallow;
 I know, the young King is sick for me. Let us
 take any man's horses; the laws of England are
 at my commandment. Happy are they which
 have been any friends; and woe to my lord
 chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs
 also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they:
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping - cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir Johu were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might? Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come? bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound!

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou stomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Host. Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A publick place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1. *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2. *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

3. *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.
[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLES, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good Knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—

O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*.

'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; I haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand: —

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth;

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gaps

For thee thrice wider than for other men: —

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self

So will I those that kept me company,

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The sutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —

As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —

Not to come near our person by ten mile,

For competence of life, I will allow you;

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, — according to your strength, and qualities, —

Give you advancement. — Be it your charge,
my Lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word. —
Set on. *[Exeunt King, and his train.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John; let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colour; go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; — come, Bardolph: — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord, —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the King's:

He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The King hath call'd his parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year
expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the
King.

Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then my court'sy: last,
my speech. My fear is, your displeasure;
my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to
beg your pardons. If you look for a good
speech now, you undid me: for what I have
to say, is of mine own making; and what,
indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove.

mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckely home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, — to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, I'adstuff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; — but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME IX.

[illegible]

NOTES TO THE
FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

* * The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403.

THEOBALP.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolfe, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The com.

plaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1599. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays.* MALONE.

Page 2, line 4. *Prince John of Lancaster,*] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster to Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. *King Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester,*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster, &c.* and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford,*) is always mentioned in the play before us.

STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 10—12. *Find we a time for frightened peace &c.*] That is, let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 13 and fol. *No more the thirsty Eriugys of this soil* *Shall daub her lips &c.*] *her lips* Shakspeare may mean the lips of peace, which

mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up.

STEEVENS.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspeare meant, however licentiously, to say, *No more shall this soil have the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, daubed with the blood of her own children.*

Her lips, in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. MALONE.

The *thirsty entrance* of the soil is nothing more or less, than the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being personified, it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shakspeare. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the Baron's wars. RITSON.

The emendment which I should propose, is to read *Erinnys*, instead of *entrance*. — By *Erinnys* is meant the fury of discord.

It is evident that the words, *her own children, her fields, her flowrets*, must all necessarily refer to *this soil*; and that Shakspeare in this place, as in many others, uses the personal pronoun instead of the impersonal; *her* instead of *its*; unless we suppose he means to personify the soil, as he does in *Richard II.* where Bolingbroke departing on his exile says:

“————— sweet soil, adieu!

"My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet."

M. MASON.

I prefer Mr. M. Mason's conjecture to any explanation hitherto offered respecting this difficult passage. Amidst these uncertainties of opinion; however, let me present our readers with a single fact on which they may implicitly rely; viz. that Shakspeare could not have designed to open his play with a speech, the fifth line of which is obscure enough to demand a series of comments thrice as long as the dialogue to which it is appended. All that is wanted, on this emergency, seems to be — a just and striking personification; or, rather, a proper name. The former of these is not discoverable in the old reading—*entrance*; but the latter, furnished by Mr. M. Mason, may, I think, be safely admitted, as it affords a natural unembarrassed introduction to the train of imagery that succeeds.

Being nevertheless aware that Mr. M. Mason's gallant effort to produce an easy sense, will provoke the slight objections and petty cavils of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture, it is necessary I should subjoin, that his present emendation was not inserted in our text on merely my own judgement, but with the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer. — Having now prepared for controversy — *signa canant!*

STEEVES.

P. 3, l. 19. — *like the meteora of a troubled heaven,* } Naturally,
long streaks of red, which represent the files of armies: the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. WARBURTON.

P. 4, l. 2. and fol. *As far as to the sepulcher of Christ, &c.*]

The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles, to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

P. 4, l. 5. To *levy* a power of English *as far as to the sepulcher of Christ*, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. In *Pericles*, however, the same verb is used in a mode as uncommon:

“Never did thought of mine *levy* offence.”

STEEVENS.

The expression — “*As far as to the sepulcher,*” &c. does not, as I conceive, signify — *to the distance of*, &c. but — *so far only as regards the sepulcher*, &c. DOUCE.

P. 4, l. 14. *Therefore we meet not now:*] i. e. not on that account do we now meet; — we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 18. — *expedience for expedition.*

WARBURTON.

P. 4, l. 20. *Limits for estimates.*

WARBURTON.

Limits, as Mr. Heath observes, may mean,

outlines, rough sketches or calculations.

STEEVENS.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the business in hand.

MALONE.

P. 4, l. 30. *By those Welshwomen done,*] Thus Holinshed, p. 528: "— such shameful villainie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the *Welshwomen*; as the like (I doo beleeeve) hath never or sildome beene practised."

STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 4. Young *Harry Percy*,] Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 240, says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."

TOLLÉT.

P. 5, l. 4. — brave *Archibald*,] *Archibald Douglas*, Earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 15—19. *Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,*

Sir Wälter Blunt, &c.] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to *stand stained with travel*." HENLEY.

P. 5, l. 22. *Balk'd in their own blood*,] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *bath'd* or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. STEEVENS.

Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner
of

of expression: "Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap." — "A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood." If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

Balk'd, in their own blood, &c.

"Piled up in a ridge, and in their own blood," &c. But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image.

A balk, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay'd in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood.

TOLLET.

P. 6, l. 12-15. Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's *Britannia*, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a Prince of the blood royal, (Son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEVENS.

P. 6, l. 17. 18. — this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
An astrological allusion. Worcester is repre-

sented as a maginant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

P. 6, l. 19. *Which makes him prune himself, &c.*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In *The Booke of Haukynges*, &c. (commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth gyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 27. 28. *For more is to be said, and to be done,*

Than out of anger can be uttered.] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

P. 6, last l. and P. 7, l. 1. — and fol. The Prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of the *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for presently after, the Prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince with Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 15. 26. — and not by Phoebus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair.*] Falstaff starts the idea of *Phoebus*, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, the knight of the sun in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakespeare. This illustrious personage was “most excellently faire,” and a great wanderer, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. Perhaps the words “that wandering knight so fair,” are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero’s adventures. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 25. 26. — *let not us, that are squires of the night’s body, be call’d thieves of the day’s beauty;*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day’s beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *booty*; and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of *that booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day.

THEOBALD.

It is true, as Mr. Theobald has observed, that they could not steal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day’s beauty*, meant only, *let not us who are body squires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A squire of the body signified originally, the attendant on a knight, the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and

shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*. Falstaff however puns on the word *knight*. See *Pegge's Curialia*, Part I. p. 100.

STEEVENS.

There is also, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*.

MALONE.

P. 7, l. 27. *let us be — Diana's foresters,*]

"Exile and slander are justly mec awarded,

"My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful
right;

"And me their lord made *dame Diana's
knight.*"

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

HENDERSON.

We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 2. got with swearing — *lay by*;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addresses to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug-out*.

WARBURTON.

To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 3. — and with crying — *bring in:*] i. e. more wine. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 7. *And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?*] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in *The Mostellaria of Plautus*.

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the Prince's question. STREVEENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays.

Ben Johnson calls it a *game at vapours*.

FAHMER.

P. 8. l. 9. *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.*] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say, "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man" This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt. — The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with

Henry the Fifth's marrying Princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with Prince Henry's rabblement. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jackie; and Ned and Cadhill are two other comrades.—"From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion, Shakspeare might form his two parts of *Henry IV.* and his history of *Henry V.*; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; One Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*:—"Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and officers very merry at the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book IV. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to. We have a like instance in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls a

French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician; one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *K. Henry V.* Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet. *Old lud* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatic pieces. STEEVENS.

Old lud of the castle, is the same with *Old lud of Castile*, a *Castilian*. — Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances: and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old luds of the castell* with their rapping babble." — roaring boys. — This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1613, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

" — Did you never see

"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,

"Did tell you truly what this honour was?"

FARMER.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his *Worthies*, p. 253. the following passage: "*Sir John Oldcastle was first made a thrasonical puff, an emblem of mock valour, a make-sport in all plays, for a coward.*"

RITON.

From a passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ord noire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man.

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspere appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry Prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The meeting of Gallants*, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church History*, 1656, when he says, "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *History*, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcastle exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of *The Three Conversions* hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the stage players." Oldcastle is represented as a rebel in the play last mentioned

alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V. a mad round knave* also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited. (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has *relieved* the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is *substituted* buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

Falstaff having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play house copy, to one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King IV.*

If the verses be examined, in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places. The

only answer that can be given to this, is, ^{that} ~~that~~ Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which ~~Fal-~~ ^{Fal-}staff's name occurred; — a labour which ~~those~~ ^{those} only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 10. 11. *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks in return whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*.

JOHNSON.

Durance, however, might also have signified some lasting kind of stult, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 7. *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 10. A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *he cat*. PERCY.

"As melancholy as *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*.

TOLLER.

P. 9, l. 13. "*Lincolnshire bagpipes*" is a proverbial saying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnshire people may be fonder of this instrument than others. DOUCE.

I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county.

STEVENS.

P. 9, l. 14. A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a *hare* sitting in her form.

STEVENS.

P. 9, l. 15. It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water? STEVENS.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bi-hopsgate and Cripple-gate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. WARTON.

P. 9, l. 17. — *comparative*, —] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton after him, read — *incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 27, 28. — *for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.*] This is a scriptural expression: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets. — I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded." Proverbs, i. 20, and 21. MOLT WIL-

P. 9, l. 19. For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply *citation or recitation*. MALONE.

P. 10, l. 10. 11. Why, Hal, 'tis my *vocation*, &c.] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph.

STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 19. 20. What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiose immittunt saccarum*," they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. REEN.

Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sherrie-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into all wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale,—how

gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchant's or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." ITIN. 1617. P. III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [Mss. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] "And whereas in tymes past, *Spanish* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courtte, — we now understanding that is now used in common drinke," &c. *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a sin," &c. See also Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled Sack*, (*Vinum mollium*) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *sugar*."

Since this note was written, I have found reason to believe that Falstaff's *Sack* was the dry Spanish wine which we call *Mountain Malaga*. A passage in *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Physicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, seems to ascertain this:

"*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body. — Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, but as it is best pleasing to their palates. I will speake what I deeme thereof. — Sack, taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar,

the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded."

The author afterwards thus speaks of the wine which we now denominate Sack; and which was then called *Canary*: *Canarie-wine*, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed *h sack*; with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sacke* in *sweetness and pleasantness of taste*, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as *sack*, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is *more nutritive* than *sack*, and *less penetrative*. — *White wine*, *Rhenish wine*, &c. — do in six or seven moneths, or within, according to the smallness of them, attaine unto the height of their goodness, especially the smaller sort of them. But the *stronger* sort of wines, as *sack*, *muskadel*, *malinsey*, are best when they are two or three years old."

Hence, therefore, it is clear, that the wine usually called sack in that age was thinner than canary, and was a strong light-coloured dry wine; *vin sec*; and thier it was a Spanish wine is ascertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by several ancient books. Côle in his Dict. 1699, renders *sack* by *Vinum Hispanicum*; and Sherwood in his English and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Espagne*. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 16. The modern reading [*ery stand*] may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read: — *if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings*. JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of ten shillings. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent

scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand, will not support it.* STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 2. *All-hallows*, is *All-hallowntide*, or *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London, which is absurdly called *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number.

Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 5. 6 *Falst J. Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill,*] In former editions.—*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill.* Thus have we two persons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the *dramatis Personae*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second Act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,—“You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower.” So that the four to be concerned, are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors?

THEOBALD.

P. 12, l. 24. *Sirrah*, in our author's time,

as appears from this and many other passages, was not a word of disrespect. MALONE.

It is scarcely used as a term of *respect*, when addressed by the king to Hotspur, p. 17.

STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 25. — *for the nonce*,] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*.

TYRWHITT.

For the nonce is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; *for the turn*. HENLEY.

P. 13, l. 2. *Reproof is confutation*.

JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 4. — *to-morrow night* —] I think we should read — *to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning.

STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 25. To *falsify hope* is to exceed *hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future
re-

reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech, (says Puttenham,) did the *Tanner of Tamworth* use to King Edward IV. which *Tanner* having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the King, was afraide he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certaine rude repentance: 'I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I *fear* me I shall be hanged;' whereat the King laughed a-good; not only to see the *Tanner's* vaine *fear*, but also to hear his mishapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke." P. 214.

FARMER.

P. 14, l. 11. 12. *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;]

i. e. I will from henceforth, rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured King, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of condition licentious. *Shakspeare* uses it very frequently for *temper*.

of mind, and in this sense the vulgar still say a good or ill-conditioned man. JOHNSON.

P. 14, l. 29. *Frontier* was anciently used for forehead. STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 30. You have *good leave*] i. e. our ready assent. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 15. 16. — and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at *harvest-home*:]
That is, a time of festivity. JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of a time of festivity, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. A chin new shaven is compared to a stubble-land at *harvest-home*, not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other.

TYRWHITT.

P. 15, l. 10. *A pouncet-box*,] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *poured*, with a cover."

STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 22. *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

P. 15, l. 30—35. *I then, all smarting,
with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c.]*
But in the beginning of the speech he re-

presents himself at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme
toil," &c.

I am therefore persuaded that Shakspeare wrote and pointed it thus:

*I then all smarting with my wounds; being
gall'd*

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c.

WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold*, would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

*I then all smarting with my wounds
being cold,*

Out of my grief, and my impatience,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Answer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 52. In our ancient translations of physical treatises, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*. STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 5. — *spermaceti, for an inward
bruise;*] So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruise* lambstones and sweetebreads are his only *spermaceti*." BOWLE.

P. 16, l. 24. *What then he said, so he un-
say it now.*] Let what
he then said never rise to impeach him, so he
unsay it now. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 28. *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and *brother* to Lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might therefore have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. In fact, however, the sister of Roger Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*.

MALONE.

In Act II. sc. iii. this Lady is called *Kate*.

STEVENS.

P. 16, last lines. *Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,*

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the King is not desired to *article* or *contract* with Mortimer, but with another for Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours and themselves*? JOHNSON.

Fears may be used in the active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

“ — all those bold *fears*

“Thou seest with peril I have answered.”

These lords, however, had, as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible.

After all, I am inclined to regard Mortimer [though the King affects to speak of him in the plural number] as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *lost or forfeited itself*, Henry afterwards says:

“ — he durst as well have met the devil alone,
“As Owen Glendower for an enemy.”

Indent with fears, may therefore mean *sign an indenture or compact with dastards*. *Fears* may be substituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongers* has been used for *wrongers* in *K. Richard II.*

The King, by *buying treason*, and *intending with fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges against Mortimer; first, that he had treasonably betrayed his party to Glendower: and, secondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with so brave an adversary. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 6. 7. *He never did fall off, —*

But by the chance of war;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he willfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 20. Hotspur calls Mortimer's wounds *mouthed*, from their gaping like a mouth; and says, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was necessary for all these mouths. This may be harsh; but the same idea occurs in *Coriolanus*, where one of the populace says: "For if he shows us his wounds, we are to put our *tongues* into these wounds, and speak for them."

M. MASON.

P. 17, l. 14. — *hardiment* —] An obsolete word, signifying hardness, bravery, stoutness. *Spenser* is frequent in his use of it. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 15-17. *Threetimes they breath'd, and
three times did they drink, &c.]*

It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore bath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

P. 17, l. 17. 18. — — *Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted &c.]* This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 20. *Crisp is curled.*

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 22. 23. *Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working &c.]* All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *base*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings." JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, reads *bare*: which means *so thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through*. MALONE.

Since there is such good authority as Johnson informs us, for reading *base*, in this passage,

instead of *bare*, the former word should certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *base*, also best, agrees with *rotten*. M. MASON.

P. 18, l. 31. And on my face he turn'd an
eye of death,] That is,
 an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the King as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,
 "Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death;
 "And in his eyes the furies of his heart."

STEEVENS.

Johnson and Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The King had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II; and accordingly, when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says,

"Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King
 "That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starv'd."

And Worcester, in the very next line, says:
 "He cannot blame him for *trembling* at the
 name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed
 him next of blood." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be enraged also at

Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*.

MALONE.

P. 18, last lines. Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385). See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew.

MALONE.

P. 19, l. 11 - 14. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

Sandford in his *Genealogical History* says, that the last mentioned Edmund, Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined a state-prisoner by King Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died in his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time

mentioned by Sundford, but in a state of imprisonment.

Since the original notes were written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed and Shakspeare both the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November, 1392, and consequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen.

MALONE

P. 20, first l. The *canter* rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a *canter* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace."

Steevens

P. 20, l. 8. — *disdain'd* —] For *disdainful*.

Johnson

P. 20, l. 19. On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.] That is, on a spear laid across.

Warburton

P. 20, l. 20. — or sink or swim: a very ancient proverbial expression.

Steevens

P. 20, l. 24. 25. — O! the blood more stirs, To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.] This passage will remind the classical reader of young Ascanius's heroic feelings in the fourth *Aeneid*:

— *pecora inter inertid vultu*

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere montem.

leonem. Steevens

P. 20, l. 28 and fol. 21. *Hot* by heaven &c.] Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute

madness; yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur, may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much: and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.

JOHNSON.

Euripides has put the very same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARBURTON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common butlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities.

T. WARTON.

P. 20, last l. but one. A coat is said to be *fac'd*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then "partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes, that the allusion may be to the *half-faces* on medals, where two persons are represented. "The coins of Philip and Mary (says he) rendered this image sufficiently familiar to Shakspeare." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *pultry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning Prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented.

But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship*? Where is the fellowship in a *single face* in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited," — This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's corival" and himself, and I think to nothing more. MALONE.

P. 20, last l. *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

Figures mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose.

EDWARDS.

P. 21, l. 24. One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 26. A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used.

JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the Prince. — "This

field, commonly called West-Smithfield, was for many years called Russians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his sword."

HENLEY.

P. 21, l. 30. *I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the Prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 15. — *what a candy deal of courtesy*] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 15. — *when his infant fortune came to age,*] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard*, Act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

P. 23, l. 5. *Estimation* for conjecture.

WARBURTON.

P. 25, l. 10. To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 18. A *head* is a body of forces.

JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 20-22. *The King will always think him in our debt; &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by King Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 27. *Cousin*, — was a common ad-

dress in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

MALONE.

P. 24, l. 11. *Charles' wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Charles* or *Churl's wain*.

RITSON.

Churl is frequently used for a countryman in old books. DORCE.

P. 24, l. 15. *C* is the name of a horse-line: *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, I suppose, was a common one. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 17. — *out of all cess*. — i. e. *out of all measure*, the phrase being taken from a cess, tax, or subsidy: which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be; *out of all cess*. WARBURTON.

P. 24, l. 19. — *dank*—i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleanser thereof should, "at least twice a quarter, with clean cloths, strike away the dust and moulding of the books, which will not then continue long with it; now it proceeded chiefly of the newness of the sorrels, which in time will be less and less dankish." *Reliquiae Bodleianae*, p. 111. REED.

P. 24, l. 21. *Bots* are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

"The *bottes* is an ill disease, and they dye in a horse mawe; and they be an Inche long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fingers ende; and they be quicke and they faste in the mawe syde: it apperthe by stampinge of the horse or tomblyng; and in the beginninge

there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they wyll eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym." *Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*.

REED.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces.

STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 27. *I am stung like a tench.* Why like a *tench*? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the *tench*, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

I have either read, or been told, that it was once customary to pack such pond-fish as were brought alive to market, in *stinging*-nettles. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of his usage to offer, I do not press my intelligence on the public. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 25. The *loach* is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches. M. MASON.

P. 25, l. 7. As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Grew speaks, in *The Philosophical Transactions*, of a single root of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt

heretofore! concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion. Theobald's explanation seems equally disputable. MALONE.

P. 25, l. 9. Here is a slight anachronism. Turkeys were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 15. *Enter GADSHILL.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed.

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled "The Robbery at Gadshill," was entered on the books of the Stationer's company. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 17. *a Car.* I think he *two o'clock*.] The carrier, who suspected Gadshill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

P. 25, last l. but one. *At hand*, is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. STEEVENS.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest him: his maxim being that of Pope's man o' gallantry:

"The thing *at hand* is of all things the best
MALO?

P. 26, l. 3. *Thou lay'st the plot how.*] *!* in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Rats* 1665:—"he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of house to learne which way they rode in the morn-
ing, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence for he knew he should partake of their fort if they sped." STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 7. *A Franklin* is a little gentleman.
JOHNSON.

A franklin is a freeholder. M. NASON.

Fortescue, says the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*. Vol. IV. p. 202. (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias — magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed *with* (but *after*) the *miles* and *armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce *Franklein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marcellus Angliæ, apres la mort de son pere esposa la fille de un *Franchelyn* apelee Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the Frankelcin.

REED.

P. 26, l. 12. It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STREVENs.

P. 26, l. 15. *St. Nicholas* was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*. WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *Saint Nicholas's knights*. STREVENs.

This expression probably took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. WHALLEY.

P. 26, l. 28. — *with no foot land-rakers, — with*
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no paddlers, no wanderers on foot. No *long-staff*, *sixpenny strikers*, — no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and knock men down for six-pence. *None of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms*, — none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

P. 26, l. 29. A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, *no six-penny striker* signifies, *not one who would content himself to borrow*, i. e. *rob you for the sake of six-pence*. That to *borrow* was the cant phrase for to *steal*, is well known; and that to *strike* likewise signified to *borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

"Cor. You had best assault me too.

"Mal. I must borrow money,

"And that some call a *striking*," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 30. *Malt-worm*: —] This cant term for a tippler I find in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593. "You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer." STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 55.—*burgomasters, and great oneyers*;] "Perhaps, *oneraires*, trustees, or commissioners;" says Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, "of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, [*moneyers*] I owe to the friend of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who

coin, and delivers out the King's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

Mr. Hardinge's conjecture may be supported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: "— there is a house upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, sometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Monyer*," i. e. probably *banker*. *Description of Tottenham High-Cross*, 1631. REED.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burghmasters and great ones*; or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great-one-ers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote — *onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state. — It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*; he thereupon becomes the King's debtor, and the parties *peravalle* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the King.

To settle accounts in this manner, is stiled in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *ony*. The Chamberlain had a little before ment among the travellers whom he thought plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of char God knows what.,, This emendation may some support from what Gadshill says in t scene: "There's money of the King's comin the hill; 'tis going to the King's Exche The first quarto has — *oneyers*, which the and all the subsequent copies made *oneyer* original reading gives great probability to mer's conjecture. MALONE.

P. 26, l. 33—35. — *such as can hold in as will strike sooner than speak, and speak or than drink &c.*] According to the sp given us in this play, of this dissolute gar have no reason to think they *were less re drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, i ral gradation was here intended to be g their actions, relative to one another. Bu has *speaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to d one another? We should certainly read t both places instead of *drink*; and then w a very regular and humourous climax. *The strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner think; and think sooner than pray*. By last words is meant, that "though perhap may now and then reflect on their crimes will never repent of them." The Oxford has dignified this correction by his adopt it. WARBURTON.

I am in a doubt about this passage. " Yet a part unexplained, What is the me

such as can hold in? It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak* sooner than *think*: it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *such as can curb old father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe meant to "keep their fellows' counsel and their own;" not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. Gadshill therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of. — The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, "it were as good a deed as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be, — Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the cli-

max is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 6. — *justice hath liquor'd her.*] A satire on chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WAREBURTON.

Alluding to boots mentioned in the preceding speech. "They would melt me (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*) out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me."

MALONE.

P. 27, l. 7. *We steal as in a castle, cock-sure;*] This was once a proverbial phrase.

Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of castles, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 8. *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that *fern* bore *no seed*. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced: which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the tastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded they who possessed the secret of wearing seed about them would become invisible. superstition the good sense of the poet

to ridicule. It was also supposed to seed the course of a single night. Absurd as these notions are, they were not wholly exploded in time of Addison. He laughs at "a Doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female ren-seed." *Tatler*, No. 240. HOLT WHITE.

P. 27, l. 13. *Purchase* is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON. *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 16. Gadshill had promised as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief*; to which Gadshill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the *Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell should have added to his *Shaksperiana*. LORT.

P. 27, l. 25. — he frets like a *gumm'd velvet*.] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 7. — *four foot by the squire* —] The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four feet square*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected; *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule*.

JOHNSON

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Cowley says in one of his poems:

„Some twelve foot by the square.” FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*. FR.

STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 13. — *medicines to make me love him.*] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

P. 28, l. 17. *I'll rob a foot further.*] This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—*rub* a foot. So we now say—*rub on*. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean — *I will not go a foot further to rob?* STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 52—to *colt*—is to fool, to trick; but the Prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

P. 29, l. 5. — *hang thyself in thy own fair-apparent garters!*] „He may hang himself in his own garters” is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*.

STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 14. and fol. In all the copies that I have seen, Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gadshill thus:

O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice. — Bardolph, *what news?* This is absurd; he knows Gadshill to be the *setter*, and asks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gadshill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gadshill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who new their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gadshill, who was posted *distance*. We should therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our setter, &c.*

Bard. *What news?*

Gads. *Cuse ye, &c.* JOHNSON.

P. 30, l. 12. — happy men be is *dole*,] The portions of alms distributed at Lambeth palace are at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *lole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 30, l. 25. — *gorbellied* — i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 27. No, ye fat *chuffs*;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people.

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects his prey on the seashore. STEEVENS.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. RITSON.

P. 30, last l. In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 2. *Argument* is subject matter for conversation or a drama.

Mr. M. Mason adopts the former of these meanings, and adds, in support of his opinion, a passage from *Much ado about Nothing*, where Don Pedro says to Benedick,

“—if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*.” STEEVENS.

P. 31, last but one l. Enter HORTSUK, reading a letter.] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

MR. EDWARD'S MS. Nov

P. 32, l. 22. — *my lord of York*—] Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York, STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 25. — *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards observes in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act. II. sc. ii.:

"This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*, Act. V:

"— — Wer't not better

"Your head were broke with *the handle of a fan?*"

See the copperplate print in a note on a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Monfaucon's *Monarchie de France*. Plate IX.

STEEVENS.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr. Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the Earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley shew that the supposition was not so wild as one as Mr. Edwards supposed. MALONE.

P. 53, l. 6. How now, *Kate*?] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*), or, — signedly changed it, out of the remarkableness he seems to have had for the famili-

lation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

The sister of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*. So also Holinshed. But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*.

MALONE.

P. 33, l. 14.—*golden sleep*?] So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "—he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to awake, or breake hys *golden sleepe*." HENDERSON.

The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been bestowed on *sleep*, may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us, *sleep* is called *golden*, and in *K. Richard III.* we have "*leaden slumber*." But in Virgil it is "*ferreus somnus*;" while Homer terms *sleep brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 33, l. 25. *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 10: "—their secret safe *retire*." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "—the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*,)" &c. STEEVENS.

P. 33, l. 26. For *frontiers*, Sir Thomas Hammer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous,

terpret between her and her love, if he saw
puppets dallying." STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 10. — *crack'd crowns*, — signifie
 once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *C*
rent will apply to both; as it refers to *money*
 its sense is well known; as it is applied to
 broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wound
 entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

P. 35, l. 31. *Thou wilt not utter what*
dost not know, }

line. is borrowed from a proverbial sentence
 "A woman conceals what she knows not."
 Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 4. In the old anonymous play of *K*
Henry V. Eastcheap is the place where *H*
 and his companions meet: "*Henry 5.* You know
 the old tavern in *Eastcheap*; there is good wine
 Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that
 saw daily; for the *Boar's Head* tavern was
 near Black-frith, play-house. See Stowe's
vey 4to. 1618. p. 686. MALONE.

This sign is mentioned in a letter from *He*
Wyndesore 1459, 38 Henry VI. See *Letter*
the Paston Family, Vol. I. p. 175. The wife
 of this letter was one of Sir John Fastolf's household.

Sir John Fastolf, (as I learn from Mr. T. Y

ing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before*:

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

"And I must know it, — *else he loves me not.*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy: "*O my sweet Harry, (says she,) how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, (says he, and answers,) — some fourteen, —* AN HOUR AFTER. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 9. — *mammets,*] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dress in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "— I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Caesar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance, *of Kirgilius*, bl. l. no date: "— he made in that compasse all the gouldes that we call *mammets* and *ydolles*." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Throughout the English translation of *Marco Paulo*, 1579, *Mahometans* and other worshippers of idols are always called *Mahomets*, and *Mahmets*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This last conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Toller. I may add, that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could in-

two pitiful papers of sugar, with some fishy apologetic cram'd into the mouth of a drawer; &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 36, last l. An *under-skinker*; i. e. a tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is drink, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *Schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEVENS.

Giles Fletcher, in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Moskoa, by Basilus the Emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says: "— to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the dnye or prohibited times, when other Russes may drinke nothing but water; and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *skink* or *poure in*." REEB.

P. 37, l. 15. and fol. This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the Prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

P. 37, l. 16. *Look down into the Pomegranate*] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 20. The Prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he debases by many contemptuous distinctions.

JOHNSON.

P. 38, l. 21. It appears from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620, that a leather jerkin with crystal-button

P. 36, l. 12. *I am sworn brother to a beash of drawers;*] Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure. So, says Bardolph, in *King Henry V.* Act. II. sc. i: "— we'll be all three *sworn brothers* to France. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 18. — *Corinthian,*] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 23. 24. — *and when you breathe in your watering, &c.*] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with a similar expression in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakspeare:

"—— we also do enact

"That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;

"Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink;*

"That none go out to ——." STEEVENS.

P. 36, last but one l. It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

"—— but do you hear?

"Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown." Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker in *The Gul's Horn Book*, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in

two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apologetic cramm'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 56, last l. An *under-skinker*; i. e. a tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. JOHNSON.

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folios, — *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is thus described:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo. p. 11, vide *Jup. Etym. ad verb.* PERCY.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to cut it. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 21. — *puke-stocking*,] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*.

tency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

P. 40, l. 5. *Rivo*,] This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at other's fate,

"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 13. *Nether-stocks*, are stockings.

STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 19. — *pitiful-hearted Titan*, *that melted at the sweet tale of the son!*] The usual reading has hitherto been — *the sweet tale of the sun*. The present change will be accounted for in the course of the following annotations. STEEVENS.

All that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful hearted*, or *amorous*.

WARBURTON.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among Turberville's *Epitaphs*, p. 142:

"It melts as butter doth against the sunne."

The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will please to furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critic's emendation to be just.

In the oldest copy, the contested part of the passage appears thus:

— at the sweet tale of the sonnet.

our author might have written — *pitiful-heart-*
! Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his
 n, i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story,
 on on the easy nature of his father so far, as to
 obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot
 for a day. STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 21—23. — *here's lime in this sack &c.*
 for Richard Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth's
 sea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 379, says:
 "Since the Spanish sacks have been common in
 our taverns, which for conservation are mingled
 with lime in the making, our nation complains
 of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and in-
 finite distempers, not heard of before this wine
 came into frequent use. Besides, there is no
 way that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of
 our substance, by conveyance into foreign coun-
 tries." I think Lord Clarendon, in his *Apology*,
 tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restora-
 tion were so much to the English taste, that we
 grossed the whole product of the Canaries; and
 that not a pipe of it was expended in any other
 country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers
 brought home with them the gust for French
 wines, which has continued ever since.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack*, in
 Shakespeare, is most probably thought to mean
 what we now call *sherry*, which, when it is drunk,
 is still drunk with sugar. JOHNSON.

Rhenish is drunk with sugar, but never *sherry*.
 The difference between the true *sack* and *sherry*,
 distinctly marked by the following passage in
Fortune by Land and Sea, by Heywood and
 Wile, 1655:

"Rayns. Some sack boy, &c.

"Drawer. Good sherry sack, Sir?

"Rayns. I meant canary, Sir: what, hast no brains?" STEEVENS.

Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of sack and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

From the following passage in *Greene's Ghost haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor: "— a christian exhortation to Mother Buch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*." REED.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *sherry*, *cyder*, and *sugar*. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known; the sweet wine so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. RITSON.

That the sweet wine at present called *sack*, is different from Falstaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for *sugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with *sugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for sugar was very great, will appear from the passage in Hentzner already quoted, p. 252, as well as the passage from Mo-

ryson's *Itinerary*, which being adopted by Mr. Malone in his note, *ibid.* need not to be here repeated. The addition of *sugar* even to *sack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. REED.

P. 40, l. 31. *I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing.*] In the first edition, the passage is read thus: *I could sing psalms or any thing.* In the first folio thus: *I could sing all manner of songs.* Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, *I could sing psalmes and all manner of songs*, is made without authority out of different copies. JOHNSON.

The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. xxi. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive. MALONE.

In the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of musick in *The Merchant of Venice*. Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage: Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers."

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to thump-pipes." MALONE.

The Protestants who fled from the persecution of the Duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes,) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 40, last l. — *a dagger of lath*] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 51. and fol. *I am eight times thrust through the doublet; &c.*] It appears from the old comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler-man."

will be spied like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 9. — *of I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.*] So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—thou art an Ebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian."

The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *stranger Jews* denominated *Greeks*. STEEVENS.

Jews in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting." MALONE.

P. 42, l. 23. — *pay'd*; — i. e. drubbed, beaten. MALONE.

P. 43, first l. I believe these words belong to the Prince's speech: "—there were but four even now, — in buckram." Poins concurs with the Prince: "Ay, four, in buckram suits;" and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the Prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the Prince will but grant they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was seven. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

P. 43, l. 3. From the Prince's speech, and Poins's answer, I apprehend that Falstaff's reply should be interrogatively; *In buckram?*

WHALLEY.

P. 43, l. 14. 15. To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered; which signifies the sharp end of a weapon and the lace of a garment. The cleanly phur

for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 22. *Kendal* in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

“—where *Kendal* town doth stand,
“For making, of our cloth scarce match'd
in all the land.”

Kendal green was the livery of *Robert Earl of Huntington* and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. STEEVENS.

Again: “*Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.” Camd. in Brit. *Barnabees Journal*. BOWLE.

P. 43, l. 29. The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a cake or mass of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is *tub of tallow*.

JOHNSON.

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. *tub*, is very ingenious. But the Prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*. T. WARTON.

Tallow-keech is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech of tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a tallow loaf in Sw-

sex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 12. For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hamner and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little-fairy*: for though the Bastard in *King John*, compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue* allude to the leanness of the Prince. The reading — *eel-skin*, is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *King John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean* Shallow in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the Prince of Wales. Stowe speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 30. *Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was in cant language, called a nobleman: in this sense the Prince catches the word and bids the landlady give him as much

as will make him a royal man, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

The *royal* went for 10s. — the *noble* only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her Majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What am I *ten* groats worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt.

TOLLET.

P. 46, l. 18. 19. — *to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed*;] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a *straw*, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 46, l. 21. — *the blood of true men*.] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest* men, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

P. 46, l. 25. *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to — *taken in the manor*, — i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression — *taken in the manner*, or with *the manner*, is common to many of our old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainover* or *mainer*, Lat. *manu tractare*,) signifies the thing which

chief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner*. HAWKINS.

Dr. Pettengall in his *Enquiry into the use and practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans*, 4to. p. 176, observes, that "in the sense of *being taken in the fact*, the Romans used the expression *manifesto deprehensus*, Cic. *pro Cluentio*—*et pro Caelio*. The word *manifesto* seems to be formed of *manu*. Hence the Saxons expressed this idea by words of the same import, *hand habend*, *having in the hand*, or *back berend*, *bearing on the back*. The Welsh laws of Hoel-dda, used in the same sense the words *Illedrad un yllaw*—*latrocinijon vel furtiv in manu*, *the theft in his hand*. The English law calls it *taken with the manner*, instead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *hand*, in the French language in which our statute laws were written from *Westminst. primer*, 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In *Westminst. primer*, c. xv. it is called *prise ove le mainer*. In *Engl. Parliament*, 5 Richard II. Tit. 96. Cotton's *Abridgement*, and Coke's *Institutes*, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner*; and the English translators of the Bible following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered Numbers v. 13. relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner*." — "In the Scotch law it is called *taken with the sang*. See *Reg. Majest. Lib. IV. c. xxi*. And in cases of murder manifest, a murderer was said to be taken with the red hot

and *hot blude*. All which modes of expression in the Western Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifesto deprehensus*." REED.

P. 46, l. 27. *Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side,*] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*. JOHNSON.

P. 46, l. 34. *Hot livers, and cold purses.*] That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*. JOHNSON.

P. 46, last lines. The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*.

STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 3. — *bombast?*] Is the stuffing of clothes. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombast tree*." STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 8. *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.*] Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν οὖν ἐμέ γ' ἂν διαλύσαις.
Plutus, v. 1037. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Browne in *The Antipodes*, 1640: "— Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing a *ring on the thumb*, is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

“—upon his *thumbe* he had of gold a *ring*.

STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 16. A *Welsh hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*: “—that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *welsh-hooks* and *forest-bills*.”

“The *Welsh Glaive*,” (which I take to be the same weapon under another name,) says Captain Rose in his *Treatise on ancient Armour*, “is a kind of bill, sometimes reckoned among the *gle-axes* ;” a variety perhaps of the *securis falcata*, or probably resembling the *Eschaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. STEEVENS.

The *Welsh hook*, I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize on the enemy if he should attempt escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in *Butler’s Character of a Justice of the Peace*, whom the witty author thus describes: His whole authority is like a *Welsh hook*; for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruster from her*.” *Remains*, Vol. II. p. 192.

WHALLEY.

Minshew in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welsh hook* thus: “*Armorum genus est aere in falcis modum incurvato, perticae longissimae praefixo*.” Otgrave calls it “a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partisan.” See also Florio’s Italian Dict. 1598:

“*Falcione*. A bending *forrest bill*, or *Welsh hook*. —

“*Pennati*. Hedge-bills, forest bills; *Welsh bills*, or weeding hooks.” MALONE.

P. 47, l. 24. — *with his pistol* —] Shakespeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

P. 48, first l. — *blue-caps* —] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets*. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 2. — *thy father's beard is turned white with the news* ;] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose hair turned grey in one night. TOLLER.

P. 48, l. 3. 4. — *you may buy land now so cheap as stinking mackarel*.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. These, therefore, that foresaw the change of government and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 25. A state is a chair with a canopy over it.

This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyzes*, the hero of a play which appears in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been prohibited with some degree of theatrical propriety. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of gallants who sat or stood on the stage; “

very rushes where the commedy is to daunce, yea
and under the *state of Cambyses himselfe*."

STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 25. Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 27—29. *P. Hen.* Thy state &c.] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-loyalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the Prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*. RITSON.

P. 48, last l. *I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.*] The answer is here upon a play called *A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyses king of Persia*. By Thomas Preston. [1570.] THEOBALD.

I question if Shakspeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *King Cambyses' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *King Cambyses*: "At this tale tolde, let the Queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

P. 49, first l. — *my leg.*] That is, my obedience to my father. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 11. — *the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyses*:

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"Queen. These words to hear make
teares issue from chrystal

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should
ope the *flood-gates*, &c. STEEVENS.

The allusion may be to the following
in *Scliman and Perseda*:

"How can mine eyes dart forth a pleas

"When they are stop'd with floods of
tears?" RITSON.

P. 49, l. 13. — harlotry *players*, —
word is used in *The Ploughman's Tale*:
harlotre men," &c. Junius explains it
by "*inhonesta paupertinae sortis foeditas*"

P. 49, l. 15. — *tickle-brain* —] '
appears to have been the nick name of some
liquor. STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 17. and fol. — *though the camomile*
In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of
grams, 1608, is the following passage:

"The *camomile* shall teach thee pati

"Which thriveth best when trodd
upon."

Again, in *The Fawne*, a comedy, by 1
1606:

"For indeed, Sir, a repress'd fame more
camomile, the more trod down the more

The style immediately ridiculed, is that
in his *Eupheus*: "Though the *camomile*;
it is trodden and pressed downe, the
spreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it
led and touched, the sooner it withereth
cayeth." &c. FARMER.

P. 49, l. 27. — *a micher*, —] i. e.

nich is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper.

WAREBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief distinguished from one more daring. Lambard in his *Eirenarcha*, 1610, p. 186. speaking of the powers which may be exercised by one justice, says, he may charge the constables to arrest such as shall be suspected to be "draw-latches, wasters, or robertsmen, that is to say, either *miching* or mightie thieves for the meaning must remaine howsoever the word be gone out of use."

REED.

P. 49, l. 52. 53. *This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;*] Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

"Who toucheth *pitch* must be *defil'd*."

STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 13-15. *If then the tree &c.*] I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 25. 21. *A rabbit-sucker*, is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the erjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbit-suckers*.

A *poulterer* was formerly written — a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 2. A *bolting-hutch* is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.

STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 4. A *lombard* is a barrel. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 5. *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to publick show. This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Cart*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "— you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 7. The *Vice*, *Ipiquity*, and *Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities.

MALONE.

P. 51, l. 10. *Gunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*.

JOHNSON.

P. 51, l. 14. — *take me with you*; } That is,
go no faster than I can follow you. Let me
know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Livy, in his *Endymion*, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you*." FARMER.

P. 51, l. 25. *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. In a letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575; by R. L. [Langham.] bl. l. 1. 1. the writer says, (p. 86,) "sift I no more *sack and sugar* than I do *malunze*, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in an-

other place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sack and sugar*, we sweeten him again." P. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec*.] viz. "Anno Eliza. xxxiiiij. [1592] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russell, iiij. s." — This Sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court. — In the same book is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz: "A: Eliz. xxxiiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the Queen's trumpeters and players, liij. lb." PENCY.

P. 52, l. 10. *The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick* :] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— for certain, gentlemen,

"The fiend rides on a fiddle stick." STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 20. I deny your *major* : &c.] Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition. RITSON.

To render this supposition probable, it should be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakspeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called so at an earlier period, appears from several old books, among others from *The History of Edward V.* annexed to *Hatfield*

Chronicle, 1543, where we find 'the old spelling was *maire*: — he beeyng at the haveryng, at the bower, sent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Pol. 307, b. — If it shall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in *Jordan's Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661,) may serve to show that it is very unlikely that should have been the case, the pronunciation being at the Restoration the same as it is now:

" ——— and the *major*

" Shall juttle zealous Isaac from the *chaire*."

MALONE.

Major is the Latin word, and occurs, with the requisite pronunciation, as a dissyllable in *King Henry VI.* Part I. (folio edition):

" *Major*, fare well; thou dost but what thou may'st. RITSON.

P. 52, l. 25. — *hide thee behind the arras*;] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched.

JOHNSON.

When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Fal-

staff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 11. *The man, I assure you, is not here ;*] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 32. 33. *Poins*. Falstaff! — fast &c.] This speech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been transferred to *Poins* on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being used in the MS. "What had *Peto* done, (Dr. Johnson observes,) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? *Poins* has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but *Poins*, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." MALONE.

P. 54, l. 7. *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that sack was not many years after Shakspeare's death, about two shillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his usual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he set down the price at random. He has, however, as a learned friend observes to me, fallen into an anachronism, in furnishing his tavern in Eastcheap with sack in the time of King Henry IV. "The *vintners* sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmesies, bastards, alicante, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of King Henry

VIII, 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other use but for medicines." Taylor's *Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falstaff got drunk with sack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs. Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Reverend Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demosthenes.

Since this note was written, I have learnt from a passage in Florio's *First Fruits*, 1578, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle, that sack was at that time but sixpence a quart. "Claret wine, red and white, is sold for five pence the quart, and sacke for sixpence; muscadell and malmsiey for eight." Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eight pence or eight pence halfpenny a quart, so that our author's computation is very exact. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 17. — *his death will be a march of twelve-score.*] It will kill him, to march so far as twelve-score yards. JOHNSON.

Rather, twelve score feet; the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a *measure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnson supposes that he means twelve score yards; he might as well extend it to twelve score miles. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson supposed that "twelve score" meant twelve score yards, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score yards. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivocal pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Mr. Ross's interpretation

{twelve score *foot*} is wrong, and Dr. Johnson's right. MALONE.

Twelve-score always means so many *yards* and not *feet*. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant any quibble.

DOUCE.

P. 54, last l. — *induction* is entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of *The Taming of a Shrew*. Shakspeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 14—18. — *at my nativity, &c.* Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakspeare had probably read an account of this star in some chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

P. 55, l. 16. A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light house, or watch tower: from the French word *croisette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HAMMER.

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen

them represented in an ancien print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 28. and fol.] The poet has here taken from the perverseness and contrariness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

P. 56, first l. *Beldame* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *bel-sire* in the same sense.

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grandmother. STEEVENS.

P. 56, first l. To *topple* is to *tumble*. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 9-10. — — — and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.] Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phaenomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in *The Philosophical Transactions*, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catania, near Mount Aetna, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: "There was a blow; as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

MALONE.

We should read — *in the frightened fields.*

M. MASON.

In the very next scene, *to* is used where we should at present use — *in*:

"He hath more worthy interest to the state—."

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 3. "Speak the truth, and shame the devil," was proverbial. See *Ray's Proverbs*, 163. REED.

P. 57, l. 20. — — *hitherto*, i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map). MALONE.

P. 58, l. 10—12. — *moiety*, —] The division is here into three parts. — A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 14. — cranking —] Mr. Pope reads — *crankling*. *Cranking*, however, is right.

MALONE.

P. 58, l. 16. A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*. STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembrokeshire.

LORT.

P. 59, l. 5. and fol. The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendowr* from the lordship of Glyndourdw, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of *Ihe-welyn* and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen

NOTES TO

Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales.

He afterwards became esquire of the body to King Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint castle, when Richard was taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415.

MALONE.

P. 59, l. 10. *And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;*] The tongue is the English language. JOHNSON.

Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing. RITSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation the true one.

MALONE.

P. 59, l. 15. The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott* 1582. The noise to which *Hotspur* alludes, likewise mentioned in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 29. *I'll haste the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

P. 60, first l.—*of the mouldwarp and the mole*. This alludes to an old prophecy, which is supposed to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. See *Hall's Chronicle* 20. POPE.

The mould-warp is the mole, &c. &c.

KING HENRY IV. PART I. 5

cause it renders the surface of the earth uneven by the hillocks which it raises.

Anglo-Saxon *molde*, and *weorpan*. STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, for he was Shakspeare's authority: "This [the division of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower and Percy,] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophetic, as though King Henry was *the moldewarpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realm between them." MALONE.

P. 60, l. 7—12. See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, Book XV. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspeare must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 11. — *go to*, —] These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure. RITSON.

P. 60, l. 19. 20. — *—* ~~we~~ *profited*

In strange concealments;] Skill'd in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 30. *In* faith, my Lord, you are ~~too~~ *wilful-blame;*] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read — *too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-blame*; or thus:

Indeed, my Lord, you are to blame, too wilful.
JOHNSON.

I suspect that our author wrote —

— to *wilful-blame*:

i. e. you are *wilfully* to blame; the offence you give is *meditated*, *designed*.

This is a proverbial expression. I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, Shily adds, that such is the usual fault of women; i. e., never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shows, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained. — He is still in the Welsh lady's bedchamber. WHITE.

P. 65, l. 29. *As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. I suppose the verse originally (but elliptically) ran thus:

As thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury.
i. e., as if thou ne'er, &c. STEVENS.

P. 63, last l. but one. *And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,*] i. e. Protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEVENS.

Such protestations as are uttered by *the makers of ginger-bread*. MALONE.

Hotspur had just told his wife that she "*swore like a comfit-maker's wife*;" such protests therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in sooth*," &c. were to be left to persons of that class.

HENLEY.

P. 63.

P. 63, last l. *To velvet-guards,]* To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys.

JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets, &c. (says Stubbs in his *Anatomic of Abuses*) were guarded with *velvet guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: "they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least."

So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606:

"You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded*:

"Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet*."

Velvet guards appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. STEVENS.

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to the higher rank of female citizens, the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers.

Fynes Morison furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of the various orders of the people of England, he says, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their *wives* a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black velvet." ITIN. fol. 1617, P. III. p. 179. MALONE.

P. 64, l. 3. 4. 'Tis the next way to run tailor, or be redbreast teacher.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The next way — is the nearest way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the next way to the Indies." Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as weavers, of whose musical

turn Shakspeare has more than once made tion. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality former: "Never trust a *tailor* that does not at his work; his mind is on nothing but filk

The honourable Daines Barrington observes that "a *gold finch* still continues to be a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England; particularly Warwickshire, Shakspeare's native ty) which renders this passage intelligible otherwise seems to have no meaning whatever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud* *tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to the goldfinch and the robin. I hope this meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to it's possessor; and that after a man has ruined himself by it, he may be reminded to the necessity of instructing birds in which can render birds alone more valuable

STE.

The plain meaning is, that he who in common practice of singing, reduces him to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of musick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *singing* in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere. "Do you mistake the alehouse of my lady's house, (says Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*,) that ye squeak out your catches, without any mitigation or removal of voice!" MALONE.

P. 64, l. 10. By this our book's drawn, our articles. Every composition, whether

ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 20. — *some conference*:] The old copies redundantly read — *some private conference*; but, as the lords were dismissed on this occasion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object. STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 24. *Service for action*, simply.

WARBURTON.

P. 64, l. 27. — *in thy passages of life*,] i. e. in the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 5. *Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton* but *licentious*. The word is thus used in many of our ancient statutes.

MALONE.

P. 65, l. 14. *Yet such extenuation let me beg*,] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon *confutation of many false charges*, I may be pardoned *some that are true*. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 15. *Reproof* here means *disproof*.

M. MASON.

P. 65, l. 17. — *smiling pick-thanks*] i. e. officious parasites. STEEVENS.

So, in *Euphues*, 1587: "I should seeme either to *picke a thanke* with men, or a quarrel with women." HENDERSON.

P. 65, l. 25. *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost*,] The Prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge.

STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of

an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a Duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411). MALONE.

P. 66, first l. — *loyal to possession;*] True to him that had then possession of the crown.

JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 8. *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,*] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a King. As the Gods were supposed jealous in appropriating reason to themselves, the getting fire from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristic attribute of those deities. — The meaning, I apprehend, is, — *I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.*

Courtesy may be here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

"To dog his heels and court'ay at his frowns." In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*.

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

"And dress'd myself in such humility,

"That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

Henry, I think, means to say, that he robbed heaven of its *worship*, and the *King* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 19. *Rash*, is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

Rash is, I believe, *fierce*, *violent*. So, in *King Richard II*:

"His *rash* fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

In Shakspeare's time *bavin* was used for *kindling* fires. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1391, ch. i: "There is no fire. — Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

P. 66, l. 20. — *carded his state*;] Dr. Warburton supposes that *carded* or '*scarded*, (for so he would read,) means *discarded*, throw it off.

MALONE.

The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

"For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
"With vile participation."

NOTES TO

card is used by other writers for, to mix.
 Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old
 ding. The word is used by Shelton in his
 translation of Don Quixote. The Tinker in the
 introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, was
 y education a cardmaker. FARMER.
 To card does not mean to mix coarse wool
 with fine, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed,
 but simply to work wool with a card or teazel,
 so as to prepare it for spinning. MALONE.

By carding his state, the King means that his
 predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it
 away (as a man loses his fortune) at cards. RITSON.
 P. 66, l. 21. *Capering* fools were very pro-
 per companions for a "skipping King;" and
 Falstaff in the second part of this play, boasts of
 his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth.
Carping (the reading of several copies,) un-
 doubtedly might also have been used with pro-
 priety; having had in our author's time the sam
 signification as at present; though it has be
 doubted. Minshew explains it in his *Dict.* 16
 thus, "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite v
 words."

A carper did not mean (as has been suppose
 a prating jester, but a cynical fellow. A
 cannot be supposed that the King meant t
 proach the luxurious Richard with keeping
 pany with sour morose cynicks. MALONE
 P. 66, l. 25. *And gave his countenance, a*
his name,] Made

sence injurious to his reputation. JOHN
 I doubt the propriety of Johnson's ex
 of this passage; and should rather s
 ing of it to be, "that he f

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encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation." To *countenance*, or to *give countenance* to, are common expressions, and mean, to *patronize* or *encourage*. M. MASON.

Against his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain English, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and dishonoured himself by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 24. To laugh at *gibing boys*,] i. e. at the jests of gibing boys. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 25. *Of every beardless vain comparative*;] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the King's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a King. *Scudery's Conversation*. JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing; and may therefore signify, in this place, — every one who thought himself on a level with the Prince. STEEVENS.

I believe *comparative* means here, one who affects wit, a *dealer in comparisons*: what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, if I remember right, a *simile-monger*. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 27. *Enfeoff'd himself to popularity*;] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession. STEEVENS.

Gave himself up absolutely and entirely to popularity. A *seofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England

were granted in fee-simple for several ages. the conveyance of Lease and Release was induced by Serjeant Moor, about the year 1630. The deed of feofment was accompanied with *l* of *seisin*, that is, with the delivery of corporeal possession of the land or tenement granted in

P. 67, l. 22. 23. *He hath more worthy interest to the state.*

Than thou, the shadow of succession is obscure. I believe the meaning is — He hath a right to the kingdom more worthy thou, who hast only the *shadowy right of succession*, while he has real and solid power.

Rather, — He better deserves to inherit kingdom than thyself, who art intitled by to that succession of which thy vices render unworthy. RITSON.

To have an interest to any thing, it not lish. If we read,

He hath more worthy interest in the the sense would be clear, and agreeable to the tenor of the rest of the King's speech. M. M.

I believe the meaning is only, he hath popularity in the realm, more weight with people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.

P. 68, l. 11. *Capitulate* — i. e. make. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, form articles. STEVENS.

Rather, *combine, confederate, indent*. *capitulate* is to draw up any thing in head articles. Johnson's Dictionary. RITSON.

To *capitulate*, Minsheu explains thus: "*capita seu articulos pacisci*;" and nearly i

sense, I believe, it is used here. The Percies, we are told by Walsingham, sent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their rising was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes. MALONE.

P. 68, l. 14. *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

P. 68, l. 28. And stain my *favours* —] We should read — *favour*, i. e. countenance.

WARBURTON.

Favours are *features*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage appears to be right. The word *garments*, in the preceding line, seems to confirm it. M. MASON.

P. 69, l. 14. — the end of life cancels all *bands*; i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt.

STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 24. *So hath the business that I come to speak of.*] So also the

business that I come to speak of, hath *speed*; i. e. requires immediate attention and dispatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unnecessarily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

P. 69, l. 25. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the Eng-

lish, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life, at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King. — Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*. STEEVENS.

P. 70. l. 10. Advantage feeds *him fat*, —] i. e. feeds *himself*. MALONE.

P. 70. l. 20. — *while I am in some liking* ;] While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 24. I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels, are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse* ; just as in Act II. sc. iv. he asserts the

truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue — a Jew — an Ebrew Jew — a bunch of raddish — a horse.*

TYRWHITT.

P. 70, l. 24. The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words — *The inside of a church!* — without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 9-12. *Do thou amend thy face, &c.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 21. *By this fire:*] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add: — *that's God's angel.* This passage is perhaps alluded to in *Histriomastrix*, 1610, where Asinius says: "By this candle (which is none of *God's angels*) I remember you started back at sprite and flame." Mr. Henley, however observes, that "by the extrusion of the words now omitted, the intended antithesis is lost." STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 28. A *Triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 29-31. *Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, &c.*] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 53. *Cheap is market, and good cheap therefore is a bon marché.* JOHNSON.

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. From this word, *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 6. *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Pertelote*.

STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 2. A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. *Legend of Capt. Jones*.

JOHNSON.

P. 73, l. 4. A *youngster* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd.

This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays.

I learn, however, from Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the senses of the term—*youngster*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the top-sailes." They are mentioned as distinct characters from the sailors, who "are the ancient men for hoisting the sailes," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 4-5. *Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,—?*] There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inn*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its appli-

cation from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a *house* or *habitation*. [Sax. *inne*; *domus*, *domicilium*.] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a *house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspeare: or perhaps Falstaff here humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywod's *Works* imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and take mine ease
in mine *inne*."

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an inne*.]

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne* so
nye thee,

"That no man in his *inne* can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne*,
but I see,

"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit
by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Harvey, in a MS. note to Speght's

Chaucer, says, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

Inne for a habitation, or a recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in, not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified. — So *Inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*. LORT.

P. 73, l. 6-7. *I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.*] This seems to have been the usual price of such a ring about Falstaff's time. In the printed *Rolls of Parliament*, Vol. VI. p. 140, we meet with "A signet of gold, to the value of XL marcs." RITSON.

P. 73, l. 11. — *The Prince is a Jack,*] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling Jack. MALONE.

P. 73, l. 19. — *two and two, Newgate-fashion,*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

P. 74, l. 8. *There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; &c.*] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox often hunted; though to draw is a hunter's term for

pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Misery, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenchessit knitting or sowing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, Act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*" is not the least insisted on.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace! two dishes of *stew'd prunes*, a bawd and a pander!"

The passages already quoted are sufficient to show that a *dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in

broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted appels were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stew'd prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenches, sed up with their *stew'd prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

P. 74, l. 10. A *drawn fox* may be a fox drawn over the ground, to exercise the hounds.

Mr. Heath observes, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, hath the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XVIII. cap. xxxix: "Insuper fingit se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 11. *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient Songs of Robin Hood frequent mention is made of maid Marian, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages

passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

"Good Robin Hood was living then,

"Which now is quite forgot,

"And so was fayre maid *Marian*, &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that maid *Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Martilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry.

This lady was afterwards poisoned by King John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her legend.

Shakspeare speaks of maid *Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown. STEEVENS.

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in Sir William D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247,) says: "I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." *Morris* is, indeed, there spelt wrong; the dance was not so called from Prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris dancers in Herefordshire, of 1200 Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country. T. WARTON.

P. 74, l. 24. — *she's neither fish nor flesh* &c. So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.*" STEEVENS.

P. 75, l. 15. 16. — I pray God, *my girdle*
Alluding to the old adage — “ungirt, unbelted.”
Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proper.

This wish had more force formerly than
sent, it being once the custom to wear the
hanging by the girdle; so that its break-
not observed by the wearer, was a serious

P. 75, l. 23. *Emboss'd* is swollen, puffy. J.
P. 75, l. 27. — *if thy pocket were
with any other injuries &c.*] As the
ing of injuries was a common phrase,
suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Fal-
pocket — *injuries*. STEEVENS.

P. 75, l. 29. — *you will not pocket up*
Some part of this merry dialogue seems
been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing
bery upon his hostess, had declared his resolu-
not to pocket up wrongs or injuries, to
the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

P. 76, l. 17. — *do it with unwash'd hands*
i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing
morning, even without staying to wash your

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the
adage: — *Illotis manibus tractare sacra*.

P. 76, l. 33. Go, *Poins*, to horse,] I
but think that Peto is again put for Poins.
pose the old copy had only a P—. We have
afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but
tenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation.

The old copies read — Go, *Peto*, to
In further support of Dr. Johnson's emen-

it may be observed, that Poinz suits the metre of the line, which would be destroyed by a word of two syllables. MALONE.

P. 77, l. 19. — *the Douglas* —] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family. STEEVENS.

P. 77, last but one l. But I will *beard* him;] To *beard* is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner.

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man, was to cut off his head, and to *beard* him, signified to cut off his beard; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate Princes as fell into their hands. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 13. His letters bear *his mind*, not I, my Lord.] The old copies— not I *my mind*, and —not I *his mind*. STEEVENS.

The line should be read and divided thus:

Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I.*

Hot. *His mind!*

Hotspur had asked, *who leads his powers?* The Messenger answers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replied, *His mind!* As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

The earliest quarto, 1598, reads — *not I my mind*; — the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *his*.

reading, "not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the messenger, he uses the same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur, without this mark of respect. In his *first* speech the messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Malone in printing this *first* speech with a break after — *father* —. At the same time I suspect that the word — *come*, which deprives the sentence of all pretensions to harmony, was a playhouse interpolation, and that the passage originally ran as follows:

These letters from your father —. STEEVENS.
P. 78, l. 29. *He writes me here, — &c.]* A line, probably, has here been lost. MALONE.

I suspect no omission. Hotspur is abruptly enumerating the principal topics of the letter he has before him. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 35. *On any soul remov'd,]* On any less near to himself; on any whose interest is remote. JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 2. *To quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

P. 79. l. 13 — 16. — — *for therein should we read.*

*The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
The very list , the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.] To read the bottom
and the soul of hope , and the bound of fortune,
though all the copies , and all the editors have*

received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *risque* :

—*therein should we risque*

The very bottom &c.

The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read *rend*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul* or *bottom*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one.

STEEVENS.

I once wished to read — *tread*, instead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 18. *Where* is, I think, used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 19. 20. *We may boldly spend upon the hope of what*

Is to come in;] We now may boldly spend, upon the hope

Of what is to come in. RITSON.

P. 79, l. 21. *A comfort of retirement—] A support to which we may have recourse.* JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 27. The quality and *hair* of our attempt &c.] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the character. The *metaphor* appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say

something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency.

JOHNSON.

P. 79, last but one l. — *we of the offering side* | All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read — *we of the offering side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The King can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

Johnson's last explanation of the word *offering*, appears to be right. His first is far-fetched and unnatural. M. MASON.

P. 80, l. 3. To draw a curtain had anciently the same meaning, as to undraw one has at present. STEEVENS.

P. 80, last but one l. *The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,*]

Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe, in a large park."

STEEVENS.

P. 81. l. 2-4. *All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the
wind;*

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;]
What is the meaning of *estridges*, *that bated with the wind like eagles*? for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*All plum'd like estridges, and with the wind
Bating like eagles.*

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

*All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind
Bated like eagles.*

This gives a strong image. They were not only plumed like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprise, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale.

...the dressed and the undressed, the
feather being the cognizance of the Prince

To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, *bating*, from the French, *battre*, that is, in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

Writers on falconry often mention the of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary health and spirits. — All birds, after (which almost all birds are fond of,) s their wings to catch the wind, and flutter with them in order to dry themselves. the falconer's language, is called *bat* by Shakspeare, *bating with the win* may be observed that birds never appear and sull of spirits, as immediately after

This appears to be justly explained by

P. 81, l. 5. *Glittering in golden coats, like images;*] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered.

STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 9. — *with his beaver* on,] We should read — *beaver* up. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry*, &c.) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* it is said!

"Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down." WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the Prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw "*young Harry*," not that he saw his *face*. MALONE.

Bever and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raised up to enable him to see. LORT.

Shakspeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says, that he saw the old King's face, because "he wore his *beaver* up." Nor is our poet singular in the use of this word. This was the common signification of the word, for Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, defines *beaver* thus: "In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be lifted up, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

The poet is certainly not guilty of the confusion laid to his charge with respect to the passage in *Hamlet*; for the beaver was as often made to lift up as to let down. DOUCE.

P. 81, l. 10. *Cuisses*, French. Armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

P. 81, l. 15. — *witch* — for bewitch, charm. POPE.

P. 82, l. 25. *Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.*] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the Prince. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 23. *Souced gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fish very nearly resembling a piper. It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A bawd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *sowced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon*. MALONE.

P. 82, last l. *I press me none but good householders, &c.*] This practice is complained of in Barnaby Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1601, p. 62: "Sir, I perceive by the sound of your words you are a favourite to Capitaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest householders, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your capitaine

might
of,
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his
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t

might chop and chaunge, and make marchandise of," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 5. *worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.*] The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorrel* is used in *Love's Labour's Lost* for a young deer; and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

P. 83, l. 6. I press'd me none but such *toasts and butter*,] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without money*:

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell sucker's." STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and eaters of butter'd tostes." Moryson's *Itin.* 1617.

MALONE.

P. 83, l. 14. — *younger sons to younger brothers*,] Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the *Discourse*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 17. 18. — *ten times more dishonour*

and never had merit enough to gain p
Dr. Warburton, who understands it in
construction, has suspected the text,
the following ingenious emendation:
an old-fac'd *ancient* or *ensign*, dish
ragged? on the contrary, nothing is
more honourable than a ragged pair
A very little alteration will restore it
ginal sense, which contains a touch of th
and most fine-turu'd satire in the worl
times more dishonourably ragged than
feast ancient; i. e. the *colours* used by
companies in their feasts and procession
company had one with its peculiar devi
was usually displayed and borne abo
occasions. Now nothing could be mor
sarcastical than this comparison: for a
ragga-muffins were reduced to their tat
dition through their riotous excesses:

An old fac'd ancient, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 28. — *gyves* — i. e. shackles. POPE.

P. 83, last l. *Daintry*. — i. e. Davenport.

STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 14. — *we must away all night.*] Read, — *we must away all to-night.* M. MASON.

Perhaps Westmoreland means — "*we must travel all night.*" STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 23. — *good enough to toss;*] That is, to toss upon a pike. JOHNSON.

P. 86, l. 5. — *such great leading,*] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. ♣

JOHNSON.

P. 86, l. 28. *Quality* in our author's time was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*. MALONE.

P. 87, first l. — *griefs;*] That is, *grievances*.

MALONE.

P. 87, l. 15. *My father, &c.*] The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas Earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that King's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the Ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested "*upon his soul*" that she was a virgin, "*sound and entire even as*

and was delivered [to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat." *Speed*, p. 755.

MALONE.

P. 87, l. 24. *To sue his livery*,] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

Before the 32d year of *King Henry the Eighth*, wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. RITSON.

During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *sued out his livery*, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackstone's *Comm.* II. 61. III. 258.

MALONE.

P. 87, l. 50. *The more and less* —] i. e. the greater and the less. STEEVENS.

Steevens has given the words, the more and

less, the only explanation they can bear; but I have little doubt that we ought to read —

They, more and less, came in, &c. M. MASON.

P. 87, l. 34. *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 2. and fol. — *while his blood was poor, &c.*] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passage in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 19. — *in the neck of that,*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "Great mischiefs succedying one in another's necke."

HENDERSON.

P. 88, l. 19. *task'd the [whole state:]* I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

Task'd is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 22. — *incag'd* —] The old copies have *engag'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

No change was necessary. *Engag'd* signifies *delivered as a hostage*; and is again used in that sense. See p. 355, N. to P. 97, l. 21. DOUCE.

P. 88, l. 30. *This head of safety;*] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 14. *A brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 15. — *the lord marshal;*] Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

P. 89, l. 20—22. *Gent. My good Lord,*

I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, —] Read:

Gent. My Lord, I guess their tenor.

Arch. *Like enough.* RITSON.

P. 89, last l. (*Whose power was in proportion*.)] Who was larger than that of any other man in federacy. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 2. A *rated sinew* signifies a one on which we reckoned; a help of which account. JOHNSON.

P. 91, first l. It seems proper to be read that in the editions printed while the author of this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first edition seems commodious enough; but, being of no authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 5. In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter before the King; but, it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in the pur's camp, till Worcester should return to treating with Henry. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 7. *Busky* is woody. (*Bosque*) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky*. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 9. 10. *The southern wind*

Doth play the trumpet to his purpose
That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun intends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 20. — *doff* — i. e. *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 21. To crush *our old limbs* &c. Shakespeare must have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four* years old when he was at the deposition of King Richard. Indeed in the next play, he makes him tell us, that it was then

“ — but *eight years* since

“ Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard

“ Gave him defiance.”

But it is altogether fruitless to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology. RITSON.

P. 92, l. 11. A *chewet* or *chuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 17. 18. *For you, my staff of office
did I break*

In Richard's time;] See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

P. 92, l. 33. — *the injuries of a wanton time;*] i. e. the injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

P. 93, l. 6-8. *And, being fed by us, you us'd
us so*

*As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow:*] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 15. — *we stand opposed* —] We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 20. — *articulated*, i. e. exhibited in articles. STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 24. 25. *With some fine colour, that
may please the eye*

Of fickle changlings,] This is an allusion to our ancient fantastick habits, which were usually

faced or turned up with a colour different that of which they were made. STEEVEN.

P. 95, l. 25. Poor *discontents* are *poor tented people*, as we now say — *malcon*

P. 95, l. 30, — *starving for a time*] patiently expecting a time, &c. MALON

P. 94, l. 4. — *set off his head*,] i. from his account. MUSGRAVE.

P. 94, l. 6. — *more valiant-young*,] mas Hammer reads — *more valued young*; the present gingle has more of Shakspe

P. 94, l. 20. — No, *good Worcester*, there appears to be no reason for introducing negative into this sentence, I should say an error of the press, and that we ought

— Know, *good Worcester*, know.

There is sufficient reason to believe that parts of these plays were dictated to the actors, and the words *know* and *no*, are the same in sound. M. MASON.

P. 95, l. 6. 7. — *if thou see me down battle*, &c.] In the battle of Agincourt when King, did this act of friendship for the Duke of Gloucester. STEEVEN

P. 95, last but one l. *Honour is a marchion*,] This is very fine. The reward for actions formerly was only some honouring in the shields of arms bestowed upon them. But Falstaff having said that *honour* came not till after death, he calls it *ve a scutcheon*, which is the painted herald in funeral processions; and by mere *scut* insinuated, that whether alive or dead was but a name. WARBURTON.

P. 96, l. 15. *Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:]* The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus :

Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes. STEVENS.

P. 96, l. 23. 24. *And an adopted name of privilege, —*

A hare-brain'd Hotspur, —] The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure.

JOHNSON.

P. 97, l. 3. 4. — *Deliver up*

My lord of Westmoreland. —] He was "impawned as a surety for the safe return" of Worcester. See Act. IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 6. *Doug. Defy him &c.]* This line, as well as the next, (as has been observed by one of the modern editors,) properly belongs to Hotspur, whose impatience would scarcely suffer any one to anticipate him on such an occasion.

MALONE.

P. 97, l. 21. *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

P. 98, l. 7. *By still dispraising praise, valued with you:]* This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why

it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise: and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the Prince's speech? JOHNSON.

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 9. *He made a blushing cital of himself;*] Mr. Pope observes, that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. COLLINS.

P. 98, l. 11. — *he master'd* —] i. e. was master of. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 19. *Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty;*] Of any Prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 15. *Esperance!* —] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. POPE.

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the Duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance me Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

P. 99, l. 18. — *heaven to earth,*] i. e. or might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

P. 100, l. 24. *Semblably furnish'd* —] i. e. in resemblance, alike. STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 25. *A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!*] The old copies read: *Ah, fool, go with thy soul*, &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has but partially eradicated the nonsense of this passage. Read:

A fool go with thy soul, where-e'er it goes.

RITSON.

Whither, I believe, means — *to whatever place*. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 2. 3. *Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here;*] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery.

JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 6. *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

"O here's *no foppery*!

"Death, I can endure the stocks better."

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: "*Here's no knavery!*" STEEVENS.

pleased to hear him thus characterized, being the attributes of their two great enemies the Turk and Pope, in one. WARECENT

P. 101, l. 24. P. Hen. *He is, indeed* The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does no so well as if the knight had said —

I have made him sure ; Percy's safe Perhaps a word or two like these may

J.
Sure has two significations, *certainly* *sed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter. STEEVENS,

P. 101, last but one l. — '*'tis hot, ' there's that will sack a city.*'] A quibbled word *sack*. JOHNSON.

D. 100. 1. 5. P. H. 100. 1. 5. C.

so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian: "*Piercy a penetrando oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius.*" Skinner.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 102, l. 5. A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 15. — *thou bleed'st too much:*] History says, the Prince was wounded in the face by an arrow. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 21. — *amaze* — i. e. throw into consternation. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 6. *Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.* —] We should certainly read:

Who never promiseth, but means to pay. which agrees with what the Prince says in the first Act:

"And pay the debts I never promised."

M. MASON.

P. 104, l. 12. — *thy lost opinion;*] i. e. thy lost reputation; for in that sense the word was then used. REED.

P. 105, l. 21. Hot. *O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:*]

Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, "The King slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies."

ged by his doings, fought valiantly the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur. Percy was killed by an arrow.

P. 105, l. 27 — 50. *But tho of life,*
his last moments endeavours to
self. The glory of the Pri
thoughts; but *thought*, being
life, must cease with it, and
an end. *Life*, on which *thou*
itself of no great value, being
sport of *time*; of *time*, which
minion over sublunary things,
last be stopped. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool*
farces, or the representations
ed *Death's Dance*, &c. STEPHENS.

P. 106, l. 5. — *how much an*
A metaphor taken from cloth,
when it is ill-weav'd, when its

P. 106, l. 14. *But let my favour*
gled face
read — *favour*, face, or countenance
ing down here to kiss Hotspur.

He rather covers his face with
the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

P. 106, l. 18. *ignomy* —] *Somnium*
miny was formerly written. B.

P. 106, l. 26. *Death hath no*
a deer
is in these lines a very natural
serious and *ludicrous* produce

Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

Fat is the reading of the first quarto 1598, the most authentick impression of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*.

MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, seems to be the better reading, for Turberville, in *The Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase*, observes, “— You shall say by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *sayre* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *sayre* rowe-bucke.” TOLLET.

P. 106, l. 27. — *many dearer*, —] many of greater value. JOHNSON.

P. 106, l. 31. To *powder* is to salt. JOHNSON.

P. 107, l. 29. *I am not a double man*.] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 10. *I gave him this wound in the thigh*.] The very learned Lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakspeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmesbury, tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Lyttelton supposed Shakspeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c.

FARNER.

P. 109, l. 7. *Thus ever did rebellion first rebuke*.] Thomas Churchyard, in a catalogue of his own printed works, prefixed to his *Challenge*, 1593, informs us, that

in a skin coat *full of winged tongues*. STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 20. *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 22. The *stops* are the *holes* in a flute or pipe. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 11. *And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,*] The old copies read — worm-eaten-hole. MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm eaten hold of ragged stone.
THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 21. Some *stratagem* means here some great, important, or dreadful event.

M. MASOX.

P. 116. l. 31. — *forspent with speed,*] To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust. So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, B. VII:

“—— crabbed sires *forspent* with age.”

STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 5. — *armed heels* —] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio, 1623, reads — *able heels*; the modern editors, without authority, — *agile heels*. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 6. — *poor jade* —] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in compassion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, seems anciently to have signified what we now call a hackney; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to horse kept for show.

or to be rid by its master. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen jades,

"And now and then meat for you and your horse."

This is said by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) certainly does not use the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation:

"That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand. MALONE.

P. 117, l. 7. — *rowel-head*;] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 8. *He seem'd in running to devour the way*,] So, in the book of *Job*, chap. xxxix: "He *swalloweth* the ground in fierceness and rage." STEEVENS.

So Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands:

"I *drink* the air before me." M. MASON.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

— *cursu consumere campum*. BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackstone is in NEMESIAN;

— *latumque fuga consumere campum*.

MALONE.

P. 117, l. 12. *Hotspur* seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 16. A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 22. — *hilding* — for *hild*.
base, degenerate. POPE.

Hildering, Degener; vox adhuc a
familiaris. *Spelman*. REED.

P. 117, l. 26-28. — *this man's brow*
title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic

It may not be amiss to observe, that
of our poet, the title-page to an eleg
as every intermediate leaf, was tot
I have several in my possession,
Chapman, the translator of *Homer*,
mented in this manner. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 30. — *a witness'd usurpa*
e. an attestation of its ravage. STEEV

P. 118, l. 5. So dull, so dead in
woe-begone,]

was common enough amongst the o
and English poets, as G. Douglas, Cha
Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *fi*
woe. WARBURTON.

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought
corrupt, and therefore (with a greate
gravity than my readers will probab
proposed the following emendation:

So dead so dull in look, Ucaleg
Drew Priam's curtain, &c.

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the
of the *Iliad*, and the second of the *A*

P. 118, l. 31. *Your spirit* —] T
sion upon your mind, by which yo
the death of your son. JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 32. and fol. *Yet, for all*
The contradiction in the first part of
might be imputed to the distraction o

berland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. *Yet, for all this, say not that
Percy's dead.*

North. *I see a strange confession in
thine eye,*

*Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear,
or sin,*

*To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his
death;*

*And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.*

Mor. *Yet the first bringer of unwelcome
news*

*Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,*

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell.

JOHNSON.

P. 118, last but one l. *Fear for danger.*

WARBURTON.

P. 118, last l. The words *say so* are in the first folio, but not in the quarto: they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 6. 7. — *a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friendly*

I cannot concur in this supposition. The bell, anciently, was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased. In the cuts to some of the old service books which contain the *Vigiliae mortuorum*, several devils are waiting for this purpose in the chamber of the dying man, to whom the priest is administering extreme unction. DOUGL.

P. 119, l. 13. *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*.

STEEVENS.

P. 119, l. 24. *Abated*, is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

P. 120, first l. '*Gan vail his stomach*,] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaller*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down. MALONE.

To *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off.

To *vail* a staff, is to let it fall in token of respect. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 12. *Having been well, that would have made me sick*,] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 15. — — buckle — i. e. bend; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

P.

— P. 120, l. 18. *Grief*, in ancient language, signifies, *bodily pain*, as well as *sorrow*. *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently translated "*grif* of the guts." STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 19. — *nice* — i. e. *trifling*.

STEEVENS.

P. 120, last l. *And darkness be the burier of the dead!*] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease.

JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 8. The seventeen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in the folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play were inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakspeare himself.

POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 12. The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman.

STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 15. *You were advis'd*
knew. MALONE.

P. 122, l. 19. — *he doth bestride*
land,] That
over his country to defend her as she li
on the ground. So Falstaff before
Prince, *If thou see me down, Hal*
stride me, so; it is an office of fri

P. 122, l. 21. *More and less me*
and less. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 5. — *what says the do*
water?] The method of investigating
the inspection of urine only, was of
the fashion, that Linacre, the four
College of Physicians, formed a statute
apothecaries from carrying the *water*
tients to a doctor, and afterwards g
cines in consequence of the opinions t
concerning it. This statute was, soon
lowed by another, which forbade
themselves to pronounce on any dis
such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy
Tricks, or Who would have thought
describes an apothecary thus: "—
set round with patients twice or th
and because they'll be sure not to
every one brings *his own water* i
with him."

It will scarcely be believed hereaf
the years 1775 and 1776, a Germa
been a servant in a public riding-sch
which he was discharged for insuffici
ved this exploded practice of water-c
He had amply increased the bills

and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEVENS.

P. 123, l. 11. — *to gird* — i. e. to *gibe*.

STEVENS.

P. 125, l. 21. *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

P. 123, l. 23. *I was never mann'd with an agate till now:]* That is, I never before had an agate for my man. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford editor alters it to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought): but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals.

WARBURTON.

It appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain.

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. STEVENS.

I believe an *agate* is used merely to express any thing remarkably *little*, without any allusion to the figure cut upon it. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 26. *Juvenal,*] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in

many places by Chaucer and a young man. STEVENS.

P. 125, last l. — he may ke *face-royal*,] That is, a face e touch of vulgar hands. So, a to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is

Perhaps this quibbling allusion *lish real*, *rial*, or *royal*. They mean that a barber can no more by his *face-royal*, than by the the coin called a *royal*; the little shaving as the other. STE

P. 124, l. 6. *Dumbleton* —] *Dombledon*; the quarto — *Do* name seems to have been a ma signed to afford some apparent author might have written — *D* as Mr. M. Mason observes, *Dou* his making the same charge tw or charging twice as much for it is worth.

I have lately, however, obs *bleton* is the name of a town in The reading of the folio may true one. STEVENS.

P. 124, l. 12. 13. *Let him be glutton! may his tongue be* allusion to the fate of the rich fared sumptuously every day, ed a drop of water to cool his tormented with the flames. H

P. 124, l. 14. 15. — *to bear hand*, — is, to keep in expect

P. 124, l. 18. — *if a man them in honest taking up.*]

by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase—to be *in with* a tradesman. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 25-28. — *for he hath the horn of abundance, &c.*] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus; and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artimedorus, lib. II. cap. xii. And he copied from those before him.

WARBURTON.

P. 124, l. 31. I bought him in *Paul's*,] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. WARBURTON.

I learn from a passage in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592; that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts. STEEVENS.

In *The Choice of Change*, 1598, 4to it is said, "a man must not make choyce of three thinges in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in *Paule's*; of a horse in Smithfield; least he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." See also Moryson's *Itinerary*, Part III. p. 53, 1617. REED.

P. 125, first l. *Lord Chief Justice*,] This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 516. MALONE.

found to signify a *catchpole* or *bumb*, was probably the Judge's *tipstaff*. R

Perhaps the epithet *hunt-counter* is to the officer, in reference to his h
verted to Fals aff's salvo. HENLEY.

I think it much more probable th
means to allude to the *counter-prison*.

P. 127. last l. *I am the fellow
great belly, and he my dog.*] I do r
stand this joke. Dogs lead the blind
does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the *fellow's great belly* preve
from *seeing his way*, he would want
well as a *blind man*. FARMER.

And though he had no absolute occ
him, Shakspeare would still have sup
with one. He seems to have been

P. 128, l. 20.— *ill* angel. —] Thus the quarto, 1600. Mr. Pope reads with the folio, 1623, — *evil* angel. STEEVENS.

If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the Prince's *ill* angel or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill* angel (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. THEOBALD.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies.

STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 24. *I cannot go, I cannot tell:*] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 25. *In these coster-monger times,*] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *coster-monger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, i. e. man's head. STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 7. — *your wit single?*] We call a man single-witted; who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn

portion to it.

In ancient language, however, *single* means *small*, as in the instance of be strong and weak being denominated *double* and *single* beer. STEEVENS.

Johnson's explanation of this passage conceived with his usual judgement. — It does not appear that Falstaff's merriment was staid or unfashionable; for if that had been the case, the young men would not have been so well, nor would that circumstance have been perceived by the Chief Justice, who was wiser than himself. But though Falstaff had a good fund of wit and humour, it was not unusual that a grave judge whose thoughts were continually employed about the serious business of the law should consider such an improvident, old man, as *single-witted*, or half-witted, as we should now term it. So in the

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) may mean, feeble or weak.

In our author's time, as the same writer observes, small beer was called *single* beer, and that of a stronger quality, *double* beer. MALONE.

P. 129, l. 8. — every part about you blasted with *antiquity*?] To use the word *antiquity* for old age, is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 3. *I would I might never spit white again.*] May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, *to spit white* is the consequence of inward heat. STEEVENS.

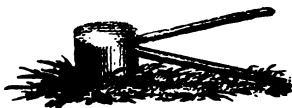
P. 130, l. 19. — *you are too impatient to bear crosses,*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff had just asked his lordship to lend him a *thousand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. STEEVENS.

P. 130; l. 22. — *fillip me with a three-man beetle.*] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then, placing



the toad at one end, the other is struck by a large stick, which throws the creature or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; its return in general kills it. This is called *fliping the toad*. — A *three-man beetle* implement used for driving piles; it is a log of wood about eighteen or twenty diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches with one short and two long handles, as per



A man at each of the long handles manage the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the pile. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a baron as Falstaff.

With this happy illustration, and the drawing annexed, I was favoured by Mr. John Goult, architect. STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 26. To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 10. I will turn diseases to *city*] i. e. profit, self-interest. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 22. *Much smaller*. — i. e. turned out to be much smaller. MURRAY.

P. 152, l. 29. and fol. Yes, in this quality of war;

Indeed the instant action, &c. T

twenty lines were first inserted in the folio of 1623.

The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in same reading, which Mr. Pope altered thus :

*Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act.*

This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly deeper, for in the present reading Bardolph makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the rest that are too forward. I know not what to propose, and am afraid that something is omitted, and that the injury is irreparable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than this :

*Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action.*

It never, says Hastings, did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has done harm in this present quality of war, in a state of things such as now before us, of war, indeed of instant action. This is obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still less reasonable.

JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we might read :

*— if this present quality of war
Impel the instant action.*

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies,

example. 102111.

This passage is allowed on all hands to be corrupt, but a slight alteration will, I apprehend, restore the true reading.

*Yes, if this present quality of war
Induc'd the instant action.* HENLEY

Mr. M. Mason has proposed the same
S1

I believe the old reading is the true one, but that a line is lost; but have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, because it makes sense.

P. 132, last l. *When we mean to buy*
Whoever compares the rest of this speech with
St. Luke, xiv. 28, &c. will find the former to have been wrought out of the latter. HENLEY

P. 133, l. 6. — *at least,*] Perhaps we should read — *at last*. STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 11. — *consent.* : 2

This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to show what errors may be suspected to remain. JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 13. *The Duke of Lancaster,*] This is anachronism, Prince John of Lancaster was not created a Duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. MALONE.

This mistake is pointed out by Mr. Steevens in another place. It is not, however, true, that "K. Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*," as Prince Henry actually enjoyed it at this very time, and had done so from the first year of his father's reign, when it was conferred upon him in full parliament. *Rot. Parl.* III. 428, 532. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, who speaking of Henry's first parliament, says, "then the King rose, and made his eldest son Prince of Wales, &c. his *second sonne* was there made *Duke of Lancaster*." *Annales*, 1631. p. 523. He should therefore seem to have consulted this author between the times of finishing the last play, and beginning the present. RITSON.

P. 134, l. 25. *Many or meyny*, from the French *mesnie*, a multitude. DOUCE.

P. 135, l. 23. Where is your *yeoman*?] A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a serjeant's *yeoman*. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 16. *Vice or grasp*; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another read

P. 136, l. 25. — *the malmsey* is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of *malmsbury*, a name of the bard's head. JOHNSON.

P. 136, l. 27. 28. *A hundred loan for a poor lone woman* a hundred mark is a good round widow to venture on trust. THE *A lone woman* is an unmarried

P. 137, l. 3. — *malmsey* - no red nose, from the effect of malmsey

In the old song of *Sir Simon* burthen of each stanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the

"Says old Sir Simon the

"With his ale-dropt hose,

"And his *malmsey* - nose,

"And his *malmsey* - nose, ding a c

Falstaff, but that the boy must not stand quite silent and useless on the stage. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 26. 27. — *rampallian!* — *fustilarian!* The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world*. The other from *fustis*, a club; i. e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword. STEEVENS.

P. 138, l. 17. — *I am as like to ride the mare,* —] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-Mare*; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one,) is to the *Gallows*, which is ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*. STEEVENS.

I think the allusion is only a wanton one.

MALONE.

P. 138, l. 27. A *parcel-gilt goblet* is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are emboss'd. On the books of the Stationers' Company, among their plate 1560, is the following entry: "Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii *parcell-gylte*." The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose: of these spoons the saint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt.

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says — "and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate." STEEVENS.

Langham, describing a bride-cup, says it was "formed of a sweet sucket barrell, a faire turn'd foot set too it, all seemly besylvered and *parcel gilt*." RITSON.

Parcel gilt meant what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE.

P. 138, l. 50. — *for liking his father to*



Liking --

is better suited to dame &c.
the word substituted instead of

P. 158, l. 34. A *Keech* is t
ed up by the butcher into

P. 158, last l. A *mess* see
common term for a small pr
belonging to the kitchen. 8

So, the scriptural term :
tage." MALONE.

P. 159, l. 32. — *sneap* ~
for *rebuke*. POPE.

Sneap signifies to *chec*.
sneaped ; herds and fruits.
ther. See Ray's *Collectio*

The word is derived fr
-- use *snub* in the same

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

wyll not leve me a *cuppe of sylvare to drinke* butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde. See Lodge's *Illustrations of English History* Vol. II. p. 252. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 24. — the *German hunting in water-work*,] i. e. in water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819: "The King for himself had a house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garnished with yellow and white." It appears also from the same *Chronicle*, p. 840, that these *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German hunting* was therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German hunting*, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakspeare in another place speaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, a *German one*."

FARMER.

P. 140, l. 25. — *bed-hangings*,] We should read *dead-hangings*, i. e. faded. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings* in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 29. *Draw* means here *withdraw*.

M. MASON.

P. 141, l. 7. [*To BARDOLPH*] *hook on, hook on*.] In former editions the marginal direction — *To the officers*. MALONE.

I rather suspect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addressed to *Bardolph*, and mean, go on with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 15. *At Basingstoke*,] The quarto has *at Billingsgate*. The players set down the.

is one
editions before
punged by the author.
to lose any thing of Shakspeare's, —
what he has added, but recal what he has re- Jo

I have not met with positive evidence that
Shakspeare rejected any passage whatever. Some
may indeed be inferred from the quarto
were published in his life-time, and are
(in their titles) to have been enlarged
rected by his own hand. These I would
in preference to the folio, and should
mes be cautious of opposing its autho-
of the elder copies. Of the play ;
there is no quarto extant but that it
therefore we are unauthorized to
single passage was omitted by consen-
himself. I do not think I have a right
Shakspeare should seem to hav-
of the player ed-
in q

latter part of this speech, "And God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 3. *Ostentatipn* is here not boastful show, but simply show. JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 22. I am a *proper fellow of my hands*;] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.

In this place, however, it means a good looking, well made personable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a fighting fellow.

RITSON.

A handsome fellow of my size; or of my inches, as we should now express it. M. MASON.

Proper, it has been already observed, in our author's time signified *handsome*. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 31. and fol. *Bard*. Come you virtuous ass, &c.] Though all the editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the Page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and it is likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness. THEOBALD.

P. 145, l. 4. — *through a red lattice*, i. e. from an ale-house window. MALONE.

P. 145, l. 16. *Althea dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand*;] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 19. *A crown's worth of good interpretation*. —] "A pennyworth of good interpre-

in the first Part of
Prince calls Falstaff "the
hallow summer." MAL

Murtlemas is corrupted
feast of *St. Martin*, the
The corruption is genera

P. 146, first l. I do allo
swoln excrescence of a ma

P. 146, l. 11. — *a borro*
— *a borrow'd cap*. STEE

But how is a *borrow'd c*
borrower's cap, and then th
it: for a man that goes to
all others the most compl
ways at hand. WARBURTO

Falstaff's followers, whe
called it a *purchase*. A

rowed. Besides, *conveying* was the cant phrase for *stealing*. FARMER.

P. 146, l. 19. *P. Hen.* Peace!] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the Prince read part, and Pains part. I have followed his correction.

JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 20. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity*:] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Caesar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee*. The very words of Caesar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH.

P. 146, last l. — *to make him eat twenty of his words*.] Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists. WARBURTON.

P. 147, l. 11. *Frank* is sty. POPE.

P. 147, l. 15. *Ephesian* was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So, the Host, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls." JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 20. *Pagan* seems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 6-8. *Put on two leather jerkins, &c.*] This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the Prince and the drawers were all known.

but it produces merriment, which is found more useful than probability. Johnson

Johnson forgets that all the family were secret, except Falstaff; and that the Prince and Poins were disguised. M. MASON.

But how does this circumstance meet Johnson's objection? The improbability from Falstaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the house; and disguised the Prince and Poins might whatever aid they might derive from the lord and his servants, they could not in for the old attendants, with whose person and manner, Falstaff was well acquainted; cordingly he discovers the Prince as soon as he speaks. However, Shakspeare's chief was to gain an opportunity for Falstaff the Prince and Poins, while they remain back part of the stage in their disguise *de theatre* which he practised in other plays which always gains applause. MALONE.

P. 148, l. 9-11. *From a god to a heavy descension! — From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation!]* Mr. Upton says that we should read thus by transposition: *From a god to a bull? a low transformation! — from a Prince to a prentice? a heavy descension!* This reading is elegant, and right. JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 17. *Speaking thick*, is, *fast*, crowding one word on another.

The opposition designed by the adverb also serves to support my explanation of *thick*. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 33. *Defensible* does not in mean capable of defence, but bearing

furnishing the means of defence; — the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

P. 150, l. 23. — *to rain upon remembrance* —] Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called, and used in funerals.

As *rue* was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms; so *rosemary* was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.

WARBURTON.

P. 151, l. 7. — *an apple-John*.] This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. It is called by the French, — *Deux-ans*. Thus, Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595: "The best apples that we have in England are pepins, *deusants*, costards, darlings, and such other." STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 16. — *Sneak's noise*,] *Sneak* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noise of musicians* anciently signified a concert or company of them.

Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 25. — *old utis* —] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit*, *octo*.

POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 19. *When Arthur first in court* —] The entire ballad is published in the first volume

of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

The Words in the ballad are

"*When Arthur first in court began,*

"*And was approved King.*" MALONE.

P. 152, l. 13. *Sick of a calm*.] I suppose she means to say of a *qualm*. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 14. So is all her *sect*;]. I know not why *sect* is printed in all the copies; I believe *sex* is meant. JOHNSON.

Sect is, I believe, right. Falstaff may mean all of her profession. STEEVENS.

In Middleton's *Mad World my Masters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elsewhere observed,) a courtesan says, "it is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits, when we are well" I have therefore no doubt that *sect* was licentiously used by our author, and his contemporaries, for *sex*.

MALONE.

I believe *sect* is here used in its usual sense, and not for *sex*. Falstaff means to say, that all courtesans, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick. DOUCE.

P. 152, l. 18. *You make fat rascals*.] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal*.

JOHNSON.

To grow fat and bloated, is one of the consequences of the venereal disease; and to that Falstaff probably alludes. There are other allusions in the following speeches, to the same disorder. M. MASON.

P. 152, l. 26. *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks.

Owches were bosses of gold set with diamonds.

POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research.

JOHNSON.

Brooches were, literally, *clasps*, or *buckles*, ornamented with gems. Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *owches* in their original sense.

STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in in their hair, in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

P. 152, l. 30. — *the charg'd chambers* —] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

A *chamber* is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

Chambers are very small pieces of ordnance which are yet used in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were sometimes used in our author's theatre on particular occasions.

MALONE.

P. 153, first l. — *rheumatick* —] She would say splenetick. HANMER.

I believe she means what she says. *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humoursome. In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer observes, that *Sir Tho. Elyott* in his *Castell of Helth*, 1572. speaking of different *complexions* has the following remark: "Where cold with moisture prevaiileth, that body is called *fleumatick*." STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 2. — *two dry toasts*;]
not meet but they grate one another.

P. 153, l. 3. What the good-ye
Quickly's blunder for *goujere*, i. e. *n*
licus.

P. 153, l. 15. — *ancient Pistol*]
as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was cap
lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or a

P. 153, l. 22. *A swaggerer* was a roa
ing, blustering, fighting fellow. R12

P. 154, l. 14. — *a tame cheater*,
and cheater were, in Shakspeare's age
ous terms. Ben Jonson has an
Captain Hazard, the *cheater*.

A tame cheater, however, as M
observes to me, appears to be a cant

P. 154, l. 19. *I will bar no hone*
house, nor no cheater:] The hum
consists in the woman's mistaking
chepter, (which our ancestors gave to
we now, with better manners, call a
for that officer of the exchequer called
or, well known to the common pe
time; and named, either corruptly or
a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

P. 155, l. 3. — *for no man's pl*
This should not be printed as a brok
The duplication of the pronoun was
mon: in *The London Prodigal* we ha
service, l." — "I am an ass, l," say
keeper in the Induction to *Barthol*

P. 155, l. 12. — *you filthy bu*
cant of thievery, to nip a bung

purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*."

STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 14. — *an you play the saucy cuttle with me.*] It appears from Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 17. — *with two points on your shoulder?*] As a mark of his commission.

JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 17. *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is used thus in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

" — But you shall eat it. *Much!*"

STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 31, 32, *He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy houses and pastry-cooks shops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, where perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pies and cakes are at present.

STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 34. — as odious as the word *occupy*;] *Occupant* seems to have been former

Battle of Alcazār,
afterwards quotes a l

P. 156, l. 9. *How*
words are introduced
in *The Case is alter*
fustian passages from
speare had been a per
posed no small part
composed: and the p
irretrievably lost, the
not a little obscured.

P. 156, l. 10. — *de*
rascals. STEEVENS.

Faitours, says Mir
corruption of the Fre
factores, doers; and
7 Rich. II. c. 5. for e
idle living: c

originally taken f.

Congreve seems to have copied
off more immediately from Jonson's
badil. STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 22. — *let the welkin roar.*

the words of an old ballad intituled,
*the father gathereth with the rake, the
th scatter with the forke:*

"Let the welkin roare,

"He never give ore," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 30. — *there's none such here.]*

I fear, that have this trusty and invin-
rd by my side? For, as King Arthur's sw-
called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward
essor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joye
ndo's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fusberta;
ro's, Balisarda; so Pistol, in imitation of
s, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been
is de Gaul had a sword of

P. 156, last but one l. *Si fortuna n*
ta, sperato me

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperai
tenta, —

which is undoubtedly the true reading
happily it was intended that Pistol should
it. JOHNSON.

P. 157, l. 4. *Come we to full poi*
That is, shall we stop here, shall we
further entertainment? JOHNSON.

P. 157, l. 7. *I kiss thy neif*: i. e.
mistress. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif*
from *natura*; i. e. a woman slave taken
in one's house; and that Pistol would
staff's domestic mistress, Doll Tear-
7

Nief, neif, and *naif*, are certainly
for a woman slave.

But I believe *neif* is used by Shak-
spere. It is still employed in that sense
in northern counties. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 12. *Galloway nags?*] Tha-
mon hacknies. JOHNSON.

P. 157, l. 14. *A shove-groat shilling*
expression occurs in *Every Man in his*
"— made it run as smooth off the top of
shove-groat shilling."

I suppose it to have been a piece of
metal made use of in the play of shov-

Slide-thrift, or *shove groat*, is a
game prohibited by statute 35 Henry

P. 157, l. 20. Then death rock.

his is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"O death rock me on slepe,

"Bring me on quiet rest," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 25. — *Athropos*,] It has been suggested that this is a name which Pistol gives to his sword; but surely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *sisters three* to aid him in the fray. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 4. *Are you not hurt i'the groin?*] Halstaff had promised to marry Mrs. Quickly, who, on this occasion, appears to have had the widow Wadman's solitudes about her.

STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 21. 22. *I'll canvas thee between a air of sheets.*] Doll's meaning here is sufficiently clear. There is however an allusion which might easily escape notice, to the material of which coarse sheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Mr. Philip Lenslow, "7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *canvas sheates*, for vs."

MALONE.

P. 158, l. 29. Thou whoreson little *tidy Bartholomew boar-pig*,] For *tidy*, Sir Thomas Lannier reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a airing. JOHNSON.

Tidy has two significations, *timely*, and *neat*. In the first of these senses; I believe, it is used in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"I myself have given good, tidie lambs."

STEEVENS.

Fair continued until the beginning of the
century, if not later.

Tidy, I apprehend, means so
that sense it was certainly some

P. 159, l. 4. — like a *death's*
the custom for the bawls of the
death's head in a ring, very pr
common motto, *memento mori*.

Falstaff's allusion, I should
was to the death's head, and motto
grave-stones, and the like. — Se
ever, as Mr. Steevens describ
any inscription, being only brass
session. RITSON.

P. 159, l. 12. *Tewksbury* is a
the county of Gloucester, for

The qualification that follows, viz. that of *swallowing candles' ends by way of flapdragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the Prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. STEEVENS.

A *flapdragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flapdragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 18. — and rides the *wild mare* —] He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in p. 383. MALONE.

If Poin had ever ridden the mare alluded to by Mr. Steevens, she would have given him such a fall as would effectually prevent him from mounting her a second time. We must therefore suppose it was a less dangerous beast, that would not have disabled him from afterwards jumping upon joint stools, &c. DOUCE.

P. 159, l. 20. 21. — and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century: "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quasi innatae essent, sine plicâ porrectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

P. 159, l. 22. — *discreet stories*;] We should read -- *indiscreet*. WARBURTON.

I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. STEEVENS.

par les chemins." A wooden cut presents this operation on an old lies along in his carriage, with a girl on his head. STEEVENS.

P. 160, first l. *Saturn and Venus in conjunction!*] This was indeed the case. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined.

P. 160, l. 5. — the *fiery Trigon*, or *ignium* is the astronomical term when three planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery Trigon I think, consists of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*.

P. 160, l. 4. 5. — *be not lisp[ing] to the old tables; his note-book, his corner:*] We should read — *clasping to the old tables; &c.* i. e. embracing the old tables, and now his bawd (*his counsel-keeper*). WARBURTON.

I believe the old reading to be *that*. Bardolph was very probably drunk.

lisp a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech. STEVENS.

Certainly the word *clasping* better preserves the integrity of the metaphor; or, perhaps, as the expression is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kissing* the *Hostess*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

The old table-book was a *counsel-keeper*, or a register of secrets; and so also was Dame Quickly. I have therefore not the least suspicion of any corruption in the text. *Lisping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *saying soft things*. MALONE.

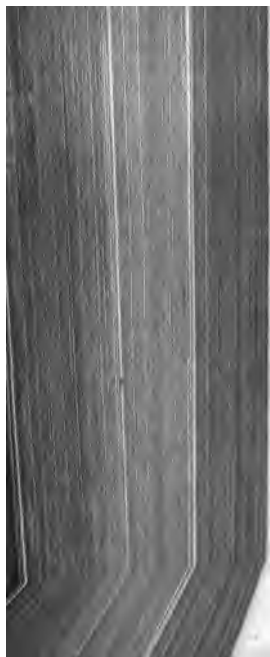
P. 160, l. 12. *What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?*] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passage may serve to show that it was something different from a *gown*. How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk."

Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*.

Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as *safe-guards* or *riding-hoods*.

STEVENS.

A *kirtle*, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minshew describes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or cast over a garment to keep it from dust, rain," &c. That writer however supposes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be synonymous; for he renders the word *vasquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*;" and surcot he calls



meant a *short* cloak, his upper kirtle. The term is consistent with Dr. Farmer's use of the word in his *kirtled Naiades*."

Stubbes in his *Anat* describes a kirtle as distinct from a petticoat.

My interpretation of Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: *subminia, cyclas, palla*.

Hence it appears, that the rather upper kirtle, (or petticoat, which was so called) was a long mantle which had a head to it that covered the head and it was perhaps used as a similar garment, lower than the waist.

P. 160, l. 22. *Anon*, answer of drawers at the

P. 160, l. 24. — *a bas*. The improbability of the allusion is balanced by the humour.

P. 160, l. 25. And art thou *i. e.* Poin's brother, or a gar corruption of the

P. 161, l. 8. — if you

cluding, I suppose, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is *hot*." STEEVENS.

P. 161, l. 9. *You whoreson candle-mine,*] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

P. 161, l. 26. *Not! to dispraise me;*] The Prince means to say, "What! is it not abuse to dispraise me," &c. MALONE.

P. 162, l. 17. 18. — *she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul!*] This is Sir T. Hammer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *she is in hell already, and burns poor souls*. The venereal disease was called in those times the *brennyngs*, or *burning*.

JOHNSON.

P. 162. l. 23-25. — *there is an other indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, &c.*] By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish-days, *victuallers* are expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*, and to these Falstaff alludes. I conceive that the Hostess by her answer understands him literally, without the covert allusion suspected by Mr. Malone; (see last but one note of this page) for she must have been too well acquainted with the law to mistake his meaning, and *wit* seems not to have been her talent. DOVE.

P. 162, l. 27. *All victuallers do so:*] The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns*.

STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 28. *What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?*] Perhaps a covert allusion is couched under these words. MALONE.

P. 164, l. 17. This first scene is not in my copy of the first edition. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 12. *A watch-case, c*
rum bell

to the watchman set in garrison-t
eminence, attending upon an al
was to ring out in case of fire, o
danger. He had a case or box to
the weather, but at his utmost p
sleep whilst he was upon duty.
bells are mentioned in sever
Shakspeare. HANMER.

In an ancient inventory cit
III. p. 70, there is the follow
a *laume* or WATCHE of iron,
with 2 leaden plumets." Str
no doubt rightly, that *laume*
rum. Something of this kind
intended by *watch-case*, sinc
other expressi

"And the sterne thunder from the airy
shrowds,

"To the sad world, in fear and horror
spake."

So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"— I have seen

"Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam

"To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were sometimes called poetically airy *shrouds*, or shrouds suspended in air; but they do not appear to me prove that any writer speaking of a ship, ever called the *shrouds* of the ship by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the passage produced from *Julius Caesar*, while it fully supports it, shows the word is to be understood in its ordinary sense. MALONE.

My position appears to have been misunderstood. I meant not to suggest that the *shrouds of a ship* were ever called *clouds*. What I designed to say was, that the *clouds* and the *shrouds of heaven* were anciently synonymous terms, so that by the exchange of the former word for the latter, no fresh idea would, in fact, be ascertained; as the word *shrouds* might be received in the sense of *clouds* as well as that of *ship-tackle*. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 20. *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *hurler* to howl, as *hurlyburly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 25. — *happy low, lie down!*] Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. These two lines making the just conclusion from what

preceded. "If sleep will fly a K
itself with beggars, then happy t
and uneasy the crown'd head."

Dr. Warburton has not admitt
tion into his text: I am glad to
which its author has neglected.

The sense of the old reading s
"You, who are happy in your h
lay down your heads to rest!
wears a crown lies too uneasy
blessing." Had not Phakspear
cessary to subject himself to
rhyme, he would probably have
happy low, sleep on!" STEEV

P. 166, l. 5. It is but as a bod

per'd;
if, according to the old physick,
ate mixture of humours, or ine
heat and radical humidity, is
disease, being only the state w
produces diseases. The differen
temper and *disease* seems to be
as between *disposition* and *habit*

P. 166, l. 8. My Lord North
soon be c
Shakspeare wrote *school'd*; tuto
to submission. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right. JOHN

P. 166, l. 18-21. — O, if thi
These four lines are supplied f
of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole se
fore these lines.

There is some difficulty in

What perils past, what

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses. JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foresee the future progress of his life, cannot be supposed at the time of his happiness to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the crosses that the King alludes to, were yet to come; and what the youth is to foresee is, the many crosses he would have to contend with, even after he has passed through many perils. M. MASON.

P. 166, l. 30. — *But which of you was by,*] He refers to *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. ii. But whether the King's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

Neither was the King himself present, so that he must have received information of what passed from Northumberland. His memory, indeed, is singularly treacherous, as, at the time of which he is now speaking, he had actually ascended the throne. RITSON.

P. 166, l. 31. — *consin Nevil,*] Shakespeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the Earl here introduced,) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, Earl of Salisbury.

STEVENS.

Anne Beauchamp was the wife of that *Richard Nevil*, (in her right,) Earl of Warwick, and son to *Richard Earl of Salisbury* who makes so conspicuous a figure in our author's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* He succeeded to

the latter title on his father's death is never distinguished by it. RITSON,

P. 167, l. 20. *And, by the necessity this,]* I think

better read :

— *the necessary form of thing*
The word *this* has no very evident

If any change were wanting, I would

And, by the necessary form of thing
i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding

And, by the necessary form of thing
apprehend, to be understood *this* his
times deceased. HENLEY.

P. 167, l. 28. Then let us meet them
cessities;] I am
to read :

Then let us meet them like peace
That is, with the resistless violence of
then comes more aptly the following
And that same word even now

on us
That is, the word *necessity*. JOHNSON

That is, let us meet them with the
and quiet temper with which men confront
those events which they know to be
— I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation

P. 168, l. 5. *Glendower is dead.]*
did not die till after King Henry IV.

Shakspeare was led into this error
shed, who places Owen Glendower's death
tenth year of Henry's reign. MALONE

P. 168, l. 12. This play, like the former
seeds in one unbroken tenor through

tion, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest.

JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 21. — the *rood*.] i. e. the cross.

POPE

Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544, under the word *cross*, observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross; so as to represent both the cross and figure of our blessed Saviour, as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines that were called *rood lofts*. REED.

P. 169, l. 10. — *Will Squele a Cotswold man*,] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele, as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood as one who was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution. STEEVENS.

The games of Cotswold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them having existed in the time of Elizabeth. Ran-

P. 169, l. 13. — the *bonarobas* —] I
pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Buon*
as we say *good stuff*; a good wholesome
checked wench." MALONE.

P. 169, l. 21. A *crack*,] This is an old
dic word, signifying a *boy* or *child*. Of
fabulous Kings and heroes of Denmark
Hrolf, was surnamed *Krake*. TYRWHITT.

P. 170, l. 3. — *clapp'd i'the clout* —
hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

P. 170, l. 3. — *at twelve score*;] i. e.
So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1612:

"At markes full fortie score they
prick and rove.

This mode of expression certainly in this instance, and I believe in general, means *yards*; but the line from Drayton makes this opinion doubtful, or shows the extreme inaccuracy of the poet, for no man was ever capable of shooting an arrow forty score *yards*. DOUCE.

Twelve score appears, however, from a passage in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595, to have been no shot of an extraordinary length:

"They hit the white that never shot before,
"No marke-men sure, nay bunglers in their
kind,

"A sort of swads *that scarce can shoot
twelve score.*"

STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 4. — *a fourteen and fourteen and a half,*] That is, fourteen score of yards.

JOHNSON.

The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached, is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly threw a good bow. MALONE.

Shakspeare probably knew what he was about when he spoke of archery, which in his time was practised by every one. He is describing Double as a very excellent archer, and there is no inconsistency in making such a one shoot fourteen score and a half; but it must be allowed that none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to *hit a mark* at twelve score. Some allowance however should be made when the speaker is considered. DOUCE.

P. 170, l. 31. *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding* good command. His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: no-

but their hearers off with
for want of that, even wi
ently *accommodated*: as

P. 171, l. 15. *Master S*
able, that many of *Shal*
vented, and characteristic
the *tilter*; *Master Shoe-t*
ter Smooth, the silkman
bawd; *Kate Keep-down*,
Sure-card was used as a
nion, so lately as the lat
tury, by one of the trans

P. 172, l. 34. — *we ha*
to fill up the muster-book
the muster book many nan
pay, though we have not

P. 174, l. 16. — *take*
such measures. STEEVEN

P. 174, l. 18. 19. *Here*
&c.] *Five* only have bee
her required is *four*. So
been omitted by the trans
of this sixth man would
occurs below; for when
are set aside, Falstaff, as
ed, gets but *three* recruits
himself is answerable for

P. 174, l. 25. — the w
ge's fields.] It appears
age in *Curchyard's Dr*

part of the collection entitled his *Chippes*, 4to. 1578, that this *windmill* was a place of notoriety :

"And from the *windmill* this dreamed he,
"Where hackney horses hired be." STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 32. *She never could away with me.*] This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kyffin, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love can ill away to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was — *such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.*

STEEVENS.

P. 175, first l. — *bona-roba.*] A fine showy wanton. JOHNSON.

Bona-roba was in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. STEEVENS.

P. 176, l. 11. I have *three pounds* &c.] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

P. 176, l. 19. 20. *For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:*] This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy, you have stay'd at home." &c. *Falstaff* has before a similar allusion, "'Tis the more time thou wert used."

There is some mistake in the number of *recruits*: *Shallow* says, that *Falstaff* should have four there, but he appears to get but *three*: *Wart*, *Shadow*, and *Feeble*." FARMER.

I believe, "*stay at home till you are past service,*" is right; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative; "and, for your part, *Bull-calf*, *grow till you come unto it.*"

MALONE.

Perhaps this passage should be read and point-

ed thus: *For you, Mouldy, stay at you are past service: —* TYRWHITT

I have admitted Mr. Tyrwhitt's as it is the least violent of the two proposed by a slight change in punctuation the supplement of a single letter. ST.

P. 176, l. 27. — *the thewes,*] i. e. the lar strength or appearance of manhood.

In ancient writers this term usually means manners, or behaviour only.

Shakspeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the l

P. 176, last l. — *swifter than he bets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than carries beer from the vat to the barrel, hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing the ladders. JOHNSON.

I do not think Johnson's explanation of this passage just. — The carrying beer from the vat to the barrel, must be a matter that requires more labour than swiftness. Falstaff seems to say "swifter than he that puts the bucket on the bet;" for as the buckets at each end of the vat must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion. M. MASON.

P. 177, l. 3. *Foeman* is an obsolete word for *an enemy in war*. STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 7. — *caliver* —] A hal

So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, 1613, the serjeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulder a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*."

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has derived his sources of merriment from the customs or fashionable follies, should

mentioned *tabacco*, though at a time when its contemporaries were active in its praise and condemnation.

is equally remarkable (as Dr. Farmer observes of me) that he has written no lines on the praise of any poetical friend, nor commendatory on any living author, which was the common practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, and his liberal turn of mind forbade him to bestow such gross and indiscriminate praises as might disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

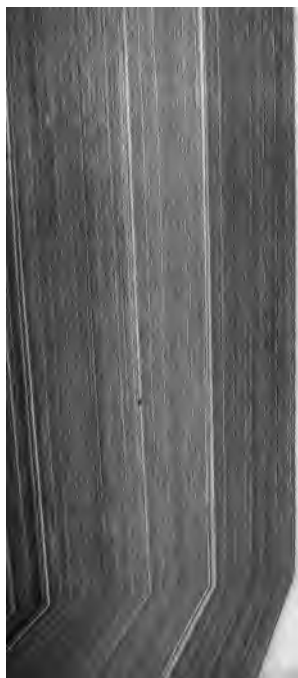
177, l. 13. *Shoa* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

177, l. 17. [I remember at *Mile-end green*, —] Earn from Stowe's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were armed and exercised at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

177, l. 18. "When I *lay*," here signifies, I lodged or lived. T. WARTON.

177, l. 19. I was then *Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*,] The story of *Sir Dagonet* is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthur*, an old romance celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. JOHNSON.

Dagonet is King Arthur's squire; but does it mean that he acted *Sir Dagonet* at *Mile-end*, or at *Clement's-inn*? By the application of parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared of ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, appears to be just. — *I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show)* there was,



or sir Dagonet was a
Clement's-inn, on whi
a circumstance in th
to the purpose of w
duced, on that accou
of his character. T.

This account of the
that I believe every r
fied with it; but a p
which has been oblig
by the Reverend Mr.
that the words before
understood; that *Art*
terlude, but an EXH
that Shallow represent
ment's Inn, but at Mil
fore of placing the
gonet in Arthur's show
commended very prop
hypothesis,) I have in
words "when I lay at
the meaning is, — I
dent and resided at Cl
tain *exhibition-day* a
was Sir Dagonet, &c.

P. 177, l. 19. *Qui*
"There is a maner fir
is full *quiver* and sv
bl. 1. HENDERSON.

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

4

P. 178, l. 13. *Turnbull* or *Turnmill-street*, is near Cow-cross, West-Smithfield.

The continuator of Stow's *Annals*, informs us that *West-Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market,) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. STEEVENS.

P. 178, l. 20. — that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invisible*.] The old copies read, by an apparent error of the press, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe introduced the necessary change.

STEEVENS.

That is, could not be *mastered* by any thick sight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without necessity, *invisible*.

MALONE.

Invincible cannot possibly be the true reading, *invincible to*, not being English; for who ever wrote or said — not be conquered to?

Invincible by, is the usual phrase. STEEVENS.

P. 178, l. 22. — *mandrake*: —] Bullein in his *Bullwark of Defence against all Sicknesse*, &c, fol. 1597, p. 41, speaking of *mandrake*, says: " — this herbe is called *Anthropomorphos*, because it beareth the image of a man: and that is false. For no herbe hath the shape of a man or woman; no truly, it is not naturall of his owne growing: but by the crafty invention of some false men it is done by arte." — "My friend Marvellus, the description of this *mandrake*, as I have sayd, was nothing but the imposterous subtilty of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers or superstitious monkes whych have wrytten thereof at length; as for *Dioscorides*, *Galen*, and *Plinie*, &c. they have not wrytten thereof so largely as for to the head, armes, fyngers," &c. REED.

P. 178, l. 24. — *over-scutch'd* — is, whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huswives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women.

JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says that an *over-switch'd huswife* is a birmonger. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scutch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEVENS.

P. 178, l. 26. *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Good-nights* is published among his *Flowers*.

STEVENSON.

P. 178, l. 27. *And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire;*] By *Vice* here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon. THOBALD.

Vice was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern critics, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no

Further for it than the old French word *Viz*, which signified the same as *Vidage* does now. From this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool; which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore, that *Visdase*, or *Viz d'asne*, was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure; and that by vulgar use it was shortened to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. HANMER.

The word *Vice* is an abbreviation of *Devise*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery; and then originally called a *Devise* or *Vice*. In these representations he was a constant and the most popular character; afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort. — Hamlet calls his uncle “a *vice* of Kings,” a fantastic and *factitious* image of majesty, a mere puppet of monarchy. T. WARTON.

P. 178, l. 58. To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used.

To *bract* had the same meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, calls a housebreaker “a breaker and *braster* of doors.” The same author constantly uses *burst* as synonymous to *broken*. STEVENS.

P. 178, l. 33. — and told John of Gaunt, he *beat his own name*.] That is, beat *gaunt*; a fellow so slender, that is name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 3. — a philosopher's two stones —] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold.

WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. 'A philosopher's two stones is only more than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, "Of the three stones that philosophers made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "a stone, and not a stone. FARMER.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is the true one. "I will make him of twice the value of the philosopher's stone." MALONE.

P. 197, l. 4-6. *If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him.*] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 14. 'Tis *Gualtree forest*,] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree forest*, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, p. 529.

STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 15. Let us *sway on*,] I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a

compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where; speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in Holinshed, *English History*, p. 986 :

Again, in *King Henry V* :

"Rather *swaying* more upon our part," &c.
STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 17. *Well-appointed is completely accoutred.* STEEVENS.

P. 180, last but one l. Led on by *bloody youth*,
guarded with rage,] I believe Shakspeare wrote — *heady youth*.

WARBURTON.

Bloody youth is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

Guarded is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced*, *turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a former part of this play.

"To *face* the garment of rebellion

"With some fine colour, that may please
the eye

"Of fickle changelings," &c. MALONE.

P. 181, l. 7. *Civil is grave, decent, solemn.*
STEEVENS.

P. 181, l. 11. Whose *white investments* &c.] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *History of Convocations*, p. 141,) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GRAY.

We might perhaps as plausibly read
i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of

I know not whether it be worth
the ideal metamorphosis of *leather*
boots into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems
apposite than the conversion of them
instruments of war.

Mr. M. Mason, however, addu-
ces (from the next scene) which seem
Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

"Turning the word to *sword*,
death." STE

I am afraid that the expression "
word to sword," will be found but a
port for "glaiives," if it be considered
jeu de mots. DOUCE.

P. 182, first l. — our *griefs* —
grievances. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 3. *And are enforc'd from*
quiet sphere
editions:

And are enforced from our most
This is said in answer to Westmor-
braiding the Archbishop for engaging
which so ill became his profession:

"— — — — you, my Lord A
„Whose see is by a civil peace main-
So that the reply must be this:

And are enforc'd from our most q

The alteration of Dr. Warburton's
sense of the passage. There is

channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into. HENLEY.

P. 182, l. 18. *Nat to break peace,*] "He took nothing in hand against the King's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth." Archbishop's speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

P. 182, l. 27. *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?*] (It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the Pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes.

WARBURTON.
i. e. the edge of *bitter* strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 28-31. *My brother general, &c.*] The sense is this — "My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to *brothers born*, by giving some to all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance, that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of malecontents, and source of civil commotions.

WARBURTON.
In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the explication of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

*My quarrel general, the commonwealth,
To a brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.*

P. 183, l. 5. *ce-*

Judge of what is done in the
to the exigencies that over-run

P. 183, l. 9-11. *Either from
present*

the faults of government he
or the *King*, it appears not
your part, been injured e
the *time*. JOHNSON.

P. 183, l. 11. — a grie

P. 183, l. 23. Their ar
An armed staff is a lance.
be fixed in the rest of th

P. 183, l. 23. *Beave*
part of the helmet whi
the wearer to drink;
and in *Hamlet*

P. 185, l. 14-16. *That is intended in the general's name:*

I muse, you make so slight a question.]
That is, this power is concluded in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.

Intended is — understood, i. e. meant without expressing, like entendu, Fr. subauditur, Lat.
STEEVENS.

P. 185, l. 23. *Acquitted by a true substantial form;]* That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity.

JOHNSON.

P. 185, l. 24. 25. *And present execution of our wills*

To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;]
The old copies—*confin'd*. STEEVENS.

This schedule we see consists of three parts;
1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, confin'd

The first line shows they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, *is confined to us and to our purposes*. A very modest kind of restriction truly; only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question Shakspeare wrote —

To us and to our properties confin'd;

i. e. we desire no more than security for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreasonable demand. WARBURTON.

according to our declared
Perhaps, who should
would obviate every diff
I believe two lines are
For this contains o
And present execut
To us and to our]

The present reading ap
and what they demand is
their wills, so far as th
and to the grievances
redress. M. MASON.

P. 185, l. 26. *Awful*
limits of reverence. JOH

Dr. Warburton reads
in the last Act of this pl
"To pluck down

Here it certainly mean
banks be right, the wo
orderly limits. MALON

P. 186, l. 7. As our

copies. Modern editors
Perhaps the meaning
stand upon, shall mak
treaty. A Latin sense.

P. 186, l. 12. — nice

P. 186, l. 14. — we

can mean faith to a

without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

P. 186, l. 20. *Of dainty and such picking grievances:]* I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we should read:

Of picking out such dainty grievances.

JOHNSON.

Picking means piddling, insignificant.

STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 24. And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean:] Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

P. 188, l. 29. — *the sanctities of heaven,*] This expression Milton has copied:

"Around him all the sanctities of heaven

"Stood thick as stars." JOHNSON.

P. 188, l. 50. — *dull workings:* —] i. e. labours of thought. STEEVENS.

P. 189, first l. To *take up* is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 9. — *in common sense,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote *common sence*, i. e. drove by self-defence. WARBURTON.

Common sense is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 16. *Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,*]

Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea. STEEVENS.

P. 189, l. 27. *Success* for succession.

WARBURTON.

P. 190, first l. — *and do allow* —] i. e. approve. MALONE

P. 191, l. 7. *Against ill chances, me
ever merry ;*] The poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccus* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

P. 191, l. 10-13. *Therefore be merry,* That is — Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON

P. 191, l. 28-31. — *let our trains &c.*] is, our army on each part, that we may beat those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON

P. 192, first l. *Fondly* is foolishly. STEEVENS

P. 193, l. 6. It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith imposed over thus slightly by the poet, without any of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

P. 193, l. 18-20 — *Coleville shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place — a place deep enough ; —* where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion. I am almost persuaded that we ought to thus :

— *Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place deep enough ; —*

He may then justly infer,

So shall you still be Coleville of the dale

TYRWHITT

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep* ; a *dale* is a deep place ; a *dungeon* is a deep place that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

P. 194, l. 10. The heat is past,] That is violence of resentment, the eagerness of the
Jo

P. 196, l. 16. 17. — *stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.*] We must either read, *pray* let me *stand*, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus: *Give me leave to go — and — stand —*. To *stand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to persist; and Falstaff did not ask the Prince to persist in his present opinion. JOHNSON.

Stand my good Lord, I believe, means only *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of me.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the hostess says to the chief justice, "*good my Lord*, be good unto me; I beseech you, *stand* to me." Though an equivocal may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. MALONE.

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good Lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to *The Northumberland Household Book*) he desires that Cardinal Wolsey would so far "*be is good lord*," as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him.

PERCY.

P. 196, l. 19. 20. — — *I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve.*] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place: I believe it is the same with *temper of mind*: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe it means, *I, in my*
in my place as commanding officer
to represent things merely as they
speak of you better than you do.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, however,
be countenanced by Gower's allusion
in *King Henry V.* Act, V. sc. 1.
Welsh correction teach you a good
condition." STEEVENS.

P. 196, l. 23. — 'twere better
kedom.] He had no dukedom.

P. 196, l. 25. — *nor a man could*
laugh;] Falstaff here speaks his
life. The young Prince did not
he despaired to gain his affection
not make him laugh. Men only
by community of pleasures. He
softened into gaiety, cannot enter
into kindness. JOHNSON.

P. 196, l. 27, *There's never a*
mure boys come to any proof:] i.
ed state of manhood. The all-
mour hardened till it abides a c

P. 196, l. 34. — *sherris-sack*—
is mentioned in *The Captain*, by
Fletcher. STEEVENS.

The epithet *sherry* or *sherris*,
sack, merely denoted the part
Spain from whence it came. M.

What is ludicrously advanced to
the serious doctrine of the *School*

P. 196, last but one l. — *drie*
use of the pronoun is a familiar
among our old writers. BOWLE

P. 197, first l. — makes it *apprehensive*,] i. e. quick to understand.

In this sense it is now almost disused.

STEEVENS.

P. 197, l. 2. *Forgetive from forge*; inventive; imaginative. JOHNSON.

P. 197, l. 20. — *a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil*;] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. STEEVENS.

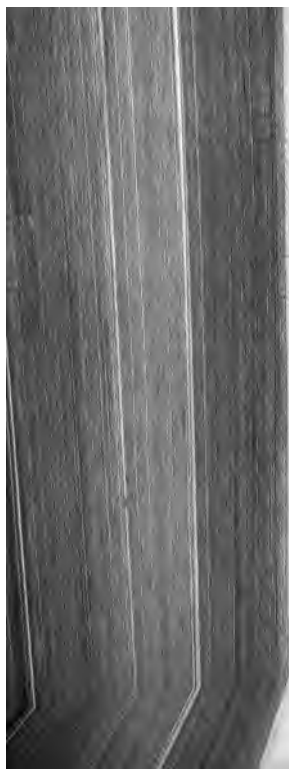
P. 197, l. 20. 21. — *till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.*] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. Mr. Heath would read *commences* it.

STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority *to use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physick, and divinity.

TYRWHITT.

P. 197, l. 30. — *to forswear thin pocations, &c.*] In the preference given by Falstaff to sack, our author seems to have spoken the sentiments of his own time. In the *Ordinances of the Household of King James I.* dated in 1604, (the second year of his reign,) is the following article: "And whereas in times past Spanish wines called *sacke*, were little or no whit used in our court, and that in late yeares, though not of ordinary allowance, &c. — we understanding that it is used as comon drinke and served



wantonnesse and surfeit
to a great wasteful exp

Till the above menti
potations" complained
the common beverage.

*Ordinances and Regu
ment of the Royal H*
by the Society of Antic

The ancient and ge
wine, and therefore fi
What we now use is i
by art, and therefore
of the liquor that was

P. 198, l. 2. 3. *I ha
between my finger an
will I seal with him.]*
to the old use of seal

P. 198, l. 45. *Our n*
Our navy is ready, pi

P. 199, l. 18. — *if h*
has respectful attention

P. 199, l. 22. *As hu*
is, changeable as the
Dryden says of Alman
as wind. JOHNSON.

"As humorous as *Ap*
but a *winter's* day has
character to admit Dr.
without some licence:
author has perhaps t
have used the word

abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture. MALONE.

P. 199, l. 22. 23. — *and as sudden*

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind; but a gust of wind *congealed* is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards says, that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *spring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy: — "whereby the *day-spring* from on high hath visited us." MALONE.

P. 199, l. 33. 34. *That the united vessel of their blood,*

Mingled with venom of suggestion,] Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly subject. MALONE.

P. 200, l. 2. — *aconitum,*] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use. STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 2. *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the Prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

P. 200, l. 26. — *his affections* —] His passions, his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

P. 201, l. 9. 10. 'Tis seldom,
doth leave

In the dead carrion. —] As
once placed her comb in a carcase
honey, so he that has once taken
bad company, will continue to associate
with those that have the art of pleasing him.

P. 201, l. 25. — *in his particular*
read, I think — *in this particular*
this detail, in this account, which
is distinct. JOHNSON.

His is used for *its*, very frequently
in plays. The modern editors have made
the change; but it should be remembered
that Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed
repeated changes the history of a language
lost. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been used
in almost every other page of our
text; but Henry however observes, that
it may mean the detail contained in
Prince John. *A Particular* is a
substantive, by legal conveyancers
used for *detail of things singly enumerated*.

P. 202. l. 32-34. *The incessant*
labour of his

Hath wrought the mure, that
finer it in,

So thin, that life looks through
break out

i. e. the wall. POPE.

Wrought it thin, is made it to the
detriment. *Wrought* is the pretence

On this passage the elegant
shop of Worcester has the following

"At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakspeare had said of *Henry the Fourth*,

"The incessant care and labour of his mind

"Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

"So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

"You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines* it, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out."

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) "by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist;" the very learned writer adds, — "here we see, not simply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape. — Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits." Hurd's *Dissertation on the Marks of imitation*.

This ingenious criticism, the general princi-

is no reason to believe that this play was before 1594, and it is highly probable Spenser had read Daniel's poem before he to compose these historical dramas, M.

P. 202, last but one l. The people
i. e. make me afraid. WARBURTON.

P. 203, first l. *Unfather'd heirs*, a
births of nature
is, equivocal births; animals that had
progenitors; productions not brought
according to the stated laws of generation.

P. 203, l. 2. *The seasons change their
ners,*] This is
pressed: alluding to the terms of *rough*
mild and *soft*, applied to weather. W.
P. 203, l. 2. — *as the year* —] i.
the year, &c.

In the subsequent line our author seems
been thinking of *leap-year*, MALONE.

P. 203, l. 5. *The river hath thrice*
ebb between.

various parts of our author's works, that he thought musick contributed to produce sleep. MALONE.

P. 203, l. 24. *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the King's pillow, when he is dying. STEEVENS.

P. 204, l. 19. — the *ports* of slumber — are the *gates* of slumber.

Ports is the ancient military term for *gates*,
STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland.
MALONE.

P. 204, l. 22. *Biggin* — is a kind of a cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. STEEVENS.

P. 204, l. 32. *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his *Rape of Lucrece*. STEEVENS.

P. 206, l. 11. Have broke their sleep with
thoughts.] Concerning the education and promotion of their children.

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read — with *thought*; but the change does not appear so unnecessary. MALONE.

P. 206, l. 18-23. *When, like the bee, tolling from every flower, &c.*] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*.

P. 206, l. 24. — *his engrossments* —
cumulations. JOHNSON.

P. 206, l. 27. — *determin'd* — i. e.
is still used in this sense in legal con

P. 207, l. 25. *Thou hast seal'd up*
pectation:] I
confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

P. 208, l. 16. *England shall double*
treble guilt;] the nonsense of some foolish player: for
make a difference between what Shakspeare
be supposed to have written off hand,
he had corrected. These scenes are of
kind; therefore such lines are by no means
esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope, (viciously threw out this line) not one
Shakspeare's editors seem ever to have had so
and necessary a rule in their heads, as
set upon correcting this author. WARREN

I know not why this commentator should
with so much confidence what he cannot
or determine so positively what so capricious
writer as our poet might either deliberately
wantonly produce. This line is indeed

P. 208, l. 23. — when riot is thy *care*?] i. e. *curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid. Epist. I:

“— *immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*” TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than — What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation*? MALONE.

P. 209, l. 1-3. *Let me no more &c.*] *True is loyal.* — This passage is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit*. I know not which is right. JOHNSON.

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two, but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction. MALONE.

“(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit teacheth)” i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The words, “this prostrate and exterior bending,” are, I apprehend, put in opposition with “obedience,” which is used for *obeisance*.

MALONE.

The latter words — “this postrate and exterior bending” — appear to me to be merely explanatory of the former words — *this obedience*. Suppose the intermediate sentence — “which my most true and inward-duteous spirit teacheth” — to be included in a parenthesis, and the meaning I contend for will be evident. M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's regulation.

STEEVEN.

P. 209, l. 19. *Preserving life in medicine potable.* There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

That gold may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, intitled, *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire*, 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

P. 210, l. 13. *Soil* is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 19. *Supposed* is counterfeited, imagined, not real. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 19. *Fear* is here used in the active sense; for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.

These bold fears are these audacious terrors. To *fear* often used by Shakspeare for to fright.

STEEVENS.

P. 210, l. 23. *Mode* is the form or state of things. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 23. *Purchased* seems to be here used in its legal sense, acquired by a man's own act (*perquisitio*) as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MASON.

P. 210, l. 25. — *successively.* By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 29. *And all thy friends,]* Should not we read? —

And all my friends — TYRWHITT.

P. 210, last l. and P. 211. first l. *I cut them off; and Had a purpose now*

To lead out many of the Holy Land;] As this passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make those persons his friends, whom he has already cut off. We should surely therefore read, "I cut some off" instead of *them*. M. MASON.

The sense is: *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the King very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful.

JOHNSON,

I confess, I have no distinct comprehension of the foregoing passage, which is ungrammatical as well as obscure. Dr. Johnson's explanation presupposes the existence of such a reading as is since offered by Mr. M. Mason, viz. *some* instead of *them*. STEEVENS.

P. 211, l. 3. *Too near unto my state.]* The expedition that Caesar meditated against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land. MALONE.

P. 211, l. 10. *How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!]* This is a true picture of mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

P. 212, l. 11. *By cock and pie,*] This adjuration seems to have been very popular.

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes.

Cock's body, cock's passion, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorer*.

The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman officers, showing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day.

Among some "Ordinances, however, made at Eltham, in the reign of K. *Henry VIII.*" we have — "Item that the *Pye* of coals be abridged to the one halfe theretofore had been served."

A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEVENS.

What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πίναξ, or the index. Though the word Πίναξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies σάνις ἐζωγραφημένη, a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called Πίνακες, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, Πι's or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows: "Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. RIVINGTON.

P. 212, l. 15. *I will not excuse you; &c.*] The sterility of Justice Shallow's wit is admirably described in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, or express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. **WARBURTON.**

P. 212, l. 22. William cook, *bid him come hither*;] It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, or, if they had, were only called by the titles of their several professions. The cook of *William Canynge*, the royal merchant of Bristol, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe: On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. **STEEVENS.**

P. 212, l. 25. *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. **JOHNSON.**

P. 213, l. 5. Let it be cast,] That is, cast up, computed. **M. MASON.**

P. 213, l. 10. *Hinckley* is a considerable market town in Leicestershire. **NICHOLS.**

P. 213, l. 18. *A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse.*] "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse," is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to 1605.

MALONE.

P. 214, l. 20. — such bearded *hermit's-staves* —] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. **JOHNSON.**

P. 214, l. 20. — as master Shallow.] Shallow's folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So,

in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "— have false fires to amaze these 'spang these true heirs of master *Justice Shal*

P. 214, l. 28. — that they flock to consent.] i. e. *in concentu*, or in one party. So *Macbeth*:

„If you shall cleave to my *consen*
The word, however, may be derived from *sentio*, *consensus*, Lat. STEEVENS.

In concent is in union, in accord: author's time the word in this sense, & then *consent*, (as it here is in the old co that spelling continued to Cowley's time

P. 214, l. 30. — *near their master* admitted to their master's confidence. S

P. 215, l. 3: (*which is four terms, actions*.)] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by ration of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

P. 215, l. 6. — *a sad brow*,] i. e. a face. STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 6. 7. — *a fellow that n the ache in his shoulders!*] That is, a fellow, one whose disposition to merriment and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

P. 217, l. 3. Led by the *impartial* con Thus the quartos. The folio reads — i,

St
Impartial is confirmed by a subsequent addressed by the King to the Chief Justice

P. 217, l. 5. A ragged and forestall'd
son. —] Ragged
sense here. Who should read:

A rated and forestall'd remission.

i. e. a remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication. **WARBURTON.**

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd remission*, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. **JOHNSON.**

A *forestalled remission*, seems to mean, a remission that it is predetermined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory. Shakespeare uses, in more places than one, the word *forestall* in the sense of to *prevent*. Horatio says to Hamlet, "If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will *forestall* their repair hither." In this very play, the Prince says to the King:

"But for my tears, &c.

"I had *forestall'd* this dear and deep rebuke."

M. MASON.

I believe, *forestall'd* only means *asked* before *it is granted*. If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. **MALONE.**

P. 217, l. 17. — *not the Turkish court*;] Not the court where the Prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. **JOHNSON.**

P. 217, l. 18. *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds*,] *Amurath the*

Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being

generally disaffected, to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; "which done (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, *were there all most miserably strangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, there fore may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the 1596; — and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MALONE.

P. 218, l. 12. — *Was this easy?*] That is, was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

P. 218, l. 22. *And struck me in my very seat of judgement;*] The Chief Justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne.

And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the Chief Justice and Henry V. together, for it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See *Dudg. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series*, fol. 54, 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the

character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the Prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing accounts of this transaction, there is no mention of the Prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the Chief Justice. Holinshed, however, whom our author copied, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fiste*, for imprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straighte prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has observed) [Mr. Ritson] might have found the same circumstance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With respect to the anachronism, Sir William Gascoigne certainly died before the accession of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inscription which was once eligible on his tombstone, in Harwood church in Yorkshire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gascoigne, nuper capit. justic. de hanco, Hen. nuper regis Angliae quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17. a die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.^{to} Henrici quarti. factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 624.

Shakspeare, however, might have been misled on the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, *Henry V.* erroneously asserts that "William
Vol. ix.

Gascoigne was chief justice from the *sixt* of Henry IV. to the Fift:" or, (which is full as speare might have been careless

P. 218, l. 29. *To trip the co*
defeat the process of justice ;
from the act of tripping a runner

P. 218, l. 32. *And mock you*
second
with contempt your acts executive.
JOHNSON.

P. 218, l. 34. *Be now the father*
a son :
yourself a son, contrive for a
you have one. STEEVENS.

P. 219, l. 5. *And, as you are*
in your s
regal character and office, not
of a man interested, but with that
a legislator. JOHNSON.

P. 219, l. 25. With this remembrance,
is, admonition. JOHNSON.

P. 219, l. 33. *My father is gone*
grave,]
substituting *wail'd* for *wild*, with
consideration, afforded Mr. The
ter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning is — My *wild* deceased on my father's death, and
were buried in his tomb, he
interred in the same grave. JOHNSON.

P. 219, last but one l. *And*
sadly I s
is the same as soberly, seriously
is opposed to wild. JOHNSON.

P. 220, l. 6. — with *the state of floods*,] i. e. the assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following:

"Now call we our high court of parliament."
But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*.

WARBURTON.

The objection to Warburton's explanation is, that the word *state*, in the singular, does not imply the sense he contends for; we say an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*. I believe we must either adopt Hamner's amendment, or suppose that *state* means *dignity*; and that, "to mingle with the state of floods," is to partake of the dignity of floods. I should prefer the amendment to this interpretation. M. MASON.

I prefer the interpretation to the amendment. *State* most evidently means *dignity*. STEEVENS.

— — *with the state of floods*,] With the majestic dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this scene:

"And, as you are a King, speak in your
state," —

State and *Estate*, however, were used in our author's time for a *person* of high dignity, and may in that sense be applied to the sea, supposing it to be personified. MALONE.

P. 220, last l. — *a dish of caraways, &c.*] A comfit or confection so called in our author's time. A passage in *De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Histoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat: "Dans le dernier siecle on l'on avoit

le gout delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut son Dragier; et il est reporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guise, que quand il fut tué à Blois, il avoit son Dragier à la main."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of *caraways* here mentioned was a dish of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is in the right, the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*, has left undecided:

"By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to say grace."

"— by these *comfits* we'll let all slide."

"By these *comfits* and these *carraways*; I warrant it does him good to swear." —

"— — I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please you."

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *carraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, no date:

"What running had I for *apples* and *nutties*,

"What callying for *biskettes*, *cumfettes*, and
carawaies."

There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr.

STEEVEN.

It would be easy to prove by several instances that *carraways* were generally part of the desert in Shakspeare's time. RENN.

The following passage in Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 4to. bl. l. 1595, will at once settle this

important question: "This is a confirmation of our use in England, for the serving of apples and other fruites last after meales. Howbeit we are wont to eate *carawaies* or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or *seedes* together with apples, thereby to breake wind ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students." STREEVENS.

P. 221, l. 6. — *good air.*] Justice Shallow alludes to a witticism frequent among rustics, who when talking of a healthy country pleasantly observe: "Yes, it is a good air, more run away than die." HOLT WHITE.

P. 221, l. 9. — and your *husbandman.*] Old copy — *husband.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. "He was a wise *man*, and a *good*," was the language of our author's time. See also Falstaff's preceding speech. MALONE.

P. 221, l. 18. *when flesh is cheap and females*
dear,] This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occasion:

* *When flesh is cheap, and females dear.*
Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered. —

Ever among is used by Chaucer in the *Romanse of the Rose*:

"*Ever among* (sothly to saine)

"*I suffre noie and mochil paine.*" FARMER.

P. 221, l. 29. — *proface!*] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you.

HAMMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long before :

"Readers, reade this thus : for proface, *proface*.

"Much good may it do you," &c.

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has is not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase — *Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer, (as an ingenious friend observes to me,) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is however, as I am informed, a cant term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries. MALONE.

P. 221, l. 31. *The heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

P. 221, last but one l. — *my wife's as all*; Old copy — *has all*. Dr. Farmer very acutely observes, that we should read — *my wife's as all*, i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. STEEVENS.

P. 222, l. 3. 'Tis merry in hall, when beards
wag all.] Mr. Warton,
in the *History of English Poetry*, observes, that

this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander* :

"Merry swithe it is in halle,

"When the berdes waveth alle." STEEVENS.

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author, "— which done, grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humphrie, or to kisse the hare's foot) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*" *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598. sign. C. REED.

P. 222, l. 5. *Shrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. T. WARTON.

P. 222, l. 12. — a dish of *leather coats* —]. The apple commonly denominated russetine, in Devonshire is called the *buff-coat*. HENLEY.

P. 222, l. 22. 23. *And we shall be merry! — now comes in the sweet of the night.*] I believe the latter words (those in the speech of Silence) make part of some old ballad. — In one of Autolycus's songs we find —

"Why then comes in the sweet of the year."

The words, *And we shall be merry*, have a reference to a song, of which Silence has already sung a stanza. His speeches in this scene are, for the most part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furnish him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses of others. MALONE.

P. 222, l. 26. *Fill the cup, &c.*] This passage

has hitherto been printed as prose, told that it makes a part of an old have therefore restored it to its metre

P. 222, last but one l. — *cavalero* was the term by which an airy, singular fellow was distinguished. The of King Charles were called Cavalier gaiety which they affected in opposition faction of the parliament. JOHN

P. 222, last l. *Once*, I believe, he *some time*, or — *one time or another* *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Fenton pray thee, *once to-night* give my swearing." STEEVENS.

P. 223, l. 15. *Do me right*,] *To right*, and *to do him reason*, were frequent usual expressions in pledging health drank a bumper, expected a bumper drank to his toast. STEEVENS.

P. 223, l. 16. *And Dub me knight* the custom of the good fellows of *S* days to drink a very large draught of sometimes a less palatable potation, *knees*, to the health of their mistress performed this exploit was blubb'd a

is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *signior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.

T. WARTON.

This is, the present situation of Silence; who has drunk so deeply at supper, that Falstaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed.

MALONE.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi: "*Sanc-tus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus — sicca is ante lagenis — fratres qui non curant nisi ventres.*" Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the *burden* of a drinking song. TOLLET.

P. 234, l. 1. 2. — *but goodman Puff of Barson.*] A little before, William Visor of Wancot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Glostershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

STEEVENS.

Barston is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Wancot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Ovencote*, in the same county. Shakespeare might be unwilling to disguise the sati-

too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, says that *Wilnecote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. I suppose therefore in a former scene we should read *Wincot* instead of *Woncot*. MALONE.

P. 224, l. 16. *Let King Cophetua &c.*] Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom we learn from Shakspeare, there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

This is mere conjecture, for no such play is extant. From a passage in *King Richard II.* it may indeed be surmized that there was such a piece. The ballad of *The King (Cophetua) and the Beggar*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. MALONE.

P. 224, l. 17. *Robinhood, Scarlet, and John.*] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his *Reliques of Anciens English Poetry*) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*. STEEVENS.

P. 224, l. 22. — *in Furies' lap.*] Should not we read? — *in Fury's lap.* RITSON.

P. 224, l. 31. — *Bezonian? speak, or die.*] So again, Suffolk says in the Second Part of *Henry VI.*

“Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.”

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognoso*, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a base scoundrel. THEOBALD.

P. 225, l. 4. To fig; in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, “a fig for you.” JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederic afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "*ecco la fica*." From this circumstance *far la fica* became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise "*faire la figue*." DOUCE.

P. 225, l. 7. *As nail in door:*] This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient *doors* the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce.

STEEVENS.

P. 225, l. 50. *Where is the life that late I led.*] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

P. 225, last but one l. Perhaps, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer suggests,) the poet concluded this scene with a rhyming couplet, and therefore wrote:

— *Welcome this pleasant day.* STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 3. 4. *Enter Beadles, &c.*] This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of 1600, stands thus: "*Enter Sincklo and three or four officers.*" And the name of Sincklo is prefixed to those speeches which in the later editions are

given to the *Beadle*. This is an additional proof that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players.

TYRWHITT.

P. 226, l. 9. and she shall have *whipping-cheer*—] So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587.: "— in wedlocke all pensive sullenness and *lowring-cheer* ought to be utterly excluded," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 12. *Nut-hook*,] It has been already observed in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-hook* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows, by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy intitled *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following passage: "She's the King's *nut-hook*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By hook or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tusser and Spenser. The first uses it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the second in the third book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 185, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *hookers*, or anglers: and Decker, in *The Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 21. 22. — you shall have a dozen of

cushions —] That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy. STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 25. 26. — thou *thin man in a censer!*] These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, calls Slender a *latten bilboe*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is erroneous. The embossed figure to which Doll refers, was in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the *censer*; and not at the bottom, where it must have been out of sight.

That Doll Tear-sheet, however, may not be suspected of acquaintance with the *censers* mentioned in Scripture and confined to sacred use, it should be remarked, that the consummate sluttery of ancient houses rendered censers or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. In *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii. Borachio says he had been "entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room* at Leonato's:" and in a letter from the Lords of the Council, in the reign of K. Edward VI. (See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I. p. 141.) we are told that Lord Paget's house was so small, that "after one month it would wax *unsavory* for hym to contynue in," &c. Again, from the correspondence of the Earl of Shrewsbury with Lord Burleigh, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield-castle, in 1572. (See Vol. II. p. 68.) we learn that her Majesty was to be removed for five or six

days "to klense her chambar, . *being kept very unklently.*" STEEVENS.

P. 226. l. 27. — you *blue-bottle-rogue!* —] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*. FARMER.

The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1653: "— let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house." STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 29. I'll forswear *half-kirtles*.] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time.

JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed, the vulgar say — Such a one looks like a w — in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "— forty shillings I lenther to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*." STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas*

Term, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose bodied gown*, wench, and let it go,"

Yet from the description of a *kirtle* already given (see p. 403,) a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak*, rather than a short gown. Perhaps such a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

P. 227, l. 5. Thou *atomy* thou!] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. STEEVENS.

The preceding expression seems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *Otamies* of Surgeons' Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be questioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of Queen Mab's chariot:

"Drawn with a team of little *Atomies*." *Romeo and Juliet*.

And *Otamie* of honour, may very easily be so understood. WHALLEY.

Shakspeare himself furnishes us with a proof that the word in his time bore the sense which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* precisely with the signification in which the hostess here uses *atomy*:

"They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

"A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank, —

"A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,"

"*A living dead man*." MALONE.

P. 227, l. 6. — you *rascal*!] In the language of the forest, *lean deer* were called *rascal deer*. STEEVENS.

know that he often introduces allusions to and practices with which he was himself
sant, without being solicitous whether it is
bable that the speaker should have known
thing of the matter. Thus, to give one
out of a thousand, he puts into the mouths
Kings the language of his own stage, and
they talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never
been in a tiring-room, and probably have
heard of either the one or the other.
language of the forest he was extremely
and the particular term *rascal* he has in-
ced in at least a dozen places. MALONE.

P. 227, l. 11. *More rushes, &c.* } It has
already observed, that, at ceremonial cere-
ments, it was the custom to strew the floor
with rushes. *Caius de Ephemera*. JOHNSON.

Chamber, and indeed all apartments

Hammer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best. JOHNSON.

In the quarto, Shallow's *first* speech in this scene as well as these two, is erroneously given to *Pistol*. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked these. They likewise, in my apprehension, overlooked an error in the end of Falstaff's speech below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. MALONE.

P. 228, l. 17. *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is:

"*'Tis all in all, and all in every part.*"

And so doubtless it should be read. *'Tis* a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, *'tis all in all*. To which this fantastick character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part*: which, both together, make up the philosophick sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology.

WARBURTON.

P. 228, last but one l. *God save thy Grace, King Hal!*] A similar scene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falstaff and his companions address the King in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 229, l. 2. — *most royal imp of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny.

STEEVENS.

P. 229, l. 14. — *profane*;] In our author it often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given of it. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counsellor."

JOHNSON.

P. 229, l. 16. — *hence*, — i. e. henceforward, from this time, in the future. STEEVENS.

P. 229, l. 19. *Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;*] Nature is highly touched in this passage. The King having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason. WARBURTON.

P. 229, l. 30. *Not to come near our person by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live

honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the Prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that "King Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence." STREVENSON.

P. 230, l. 27. 28. — *carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;*] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the King; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.

P. 231, l. 18. — *I heard a bird so sing.] This*

phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The rising in the North*:

"I heard a bird sing in mine eare,

"That I must either fight or flee." STEEVENS.

P. 251, l. 21. I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with *Demetrius*, "O most lame and impotent conclusion?" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities

and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trisler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trisler. The character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, cholerick and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the Prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the Prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailling power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and

sallies of levity, which make sport
envy. It must be observed, that
with no enormous or sanguinary
his licentiousness is not so offensive
may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this
tion is, that no man is more dangerous
that, with a will to corrupt, hath
please; and that neither wit nor honour
think themselves safe with such a companion
they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

Dr. Johnson objects with good reason
to the "lame and impotent conclusion"
play. Our author seems to have been
in the conclusion of the following
that before us.

In *The Tempest* the concluding
"—— please you draw near."

In *Much ado about Nothing*;
"—— Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Lost*;
"—— You that way; we this

In *The Winter's Tale*;
"—— Hastily lead away."

In *Timon of Athens*;
"Let our drums strike."

In *Hamlet*;
"Go, bid the soldiers shoot."

That there is no apparent full
close to any of the plays enumerated
alone, is undeniable; but perhaps
spoken in the character of *Prospero*
which terminates *Much Ado about*
final and picturesque separation of
the personages in *Love's Labour's*

Winter's Tale, the symphony of warlike instruments at the end of *Timon*, and the peal of ordnance shot off while the survivors in *Hamlet* are quitting the stage, might have proved as satisfactory to our ancestors as the moral applications and polished couplets with which so many of our modern dramattick pieces conclude. STEEVENS.

P. 231, l. 23. This *Epilogue* was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction.

JOHNSON.

P. 232, l. 18. 19. *All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me;*] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you Like it*. JOHNSON.

P. 232, l. 26. — *and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:*] I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *King Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *fair Katharine to make the audience merry*, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great Princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment. TYRWHITT.

P. 232, l. 27-31. — *where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*] "This (says Mr. Pope) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff;" and "the word *martyr*," (says another commentator,) "hints at this miserable performance, and its fate, which was damnation." The play which

these commentators suppose to be alluded to, is entitled *The History of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcastle*. I have already shown, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Falstaff was ever called *Oldcastle*. The assertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was *damned*, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1588, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice* in that play.

The allusion in the passage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcastle. In 1559, Bale published an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of *A brief Chronycle concernynge the Examination and Death of the blessed Martyr of Christ, Syr Johan Oldcastell*, &c. a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was published *The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant captaine and most goodly martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*.

Shakspeare, I think, meant only to say, that "Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France," — (having mentioned Falstaff's *death*, he then with his usual licence uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) — "unless he be already killed by the *hard* and unjust *opinions*" of those who imagined that the knight's character (like that of his predecessor) was in-

tended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. The ~~our~~ author disclaims; reminding the audience, ~~that there~~ can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) *hard and unjust opinions*, "for Sir John Oldcastle was no debauchee, but a protestant martyr, and our Falstaff is not the man;" i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff, (see a note on *K. Henry IV. P. I.*) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend in the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause, which was so warmly espoused by his Queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences; between the years 1580 and 1590.

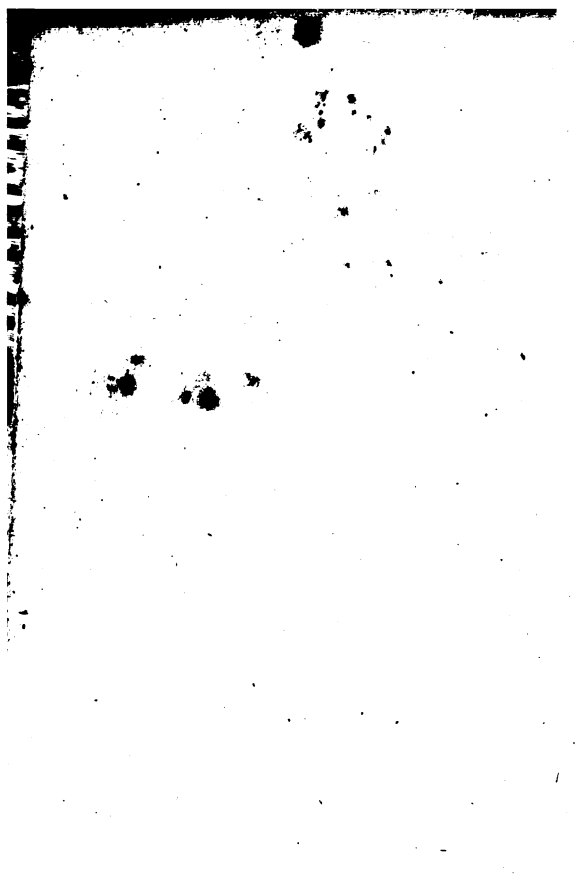
MALONE.

P. 252, last l. I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus, at the end of *New Custom*:

"Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councill all."

King or Queen, house of commons, perhaps the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, tom of our modern play-bills. STEE

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME













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